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HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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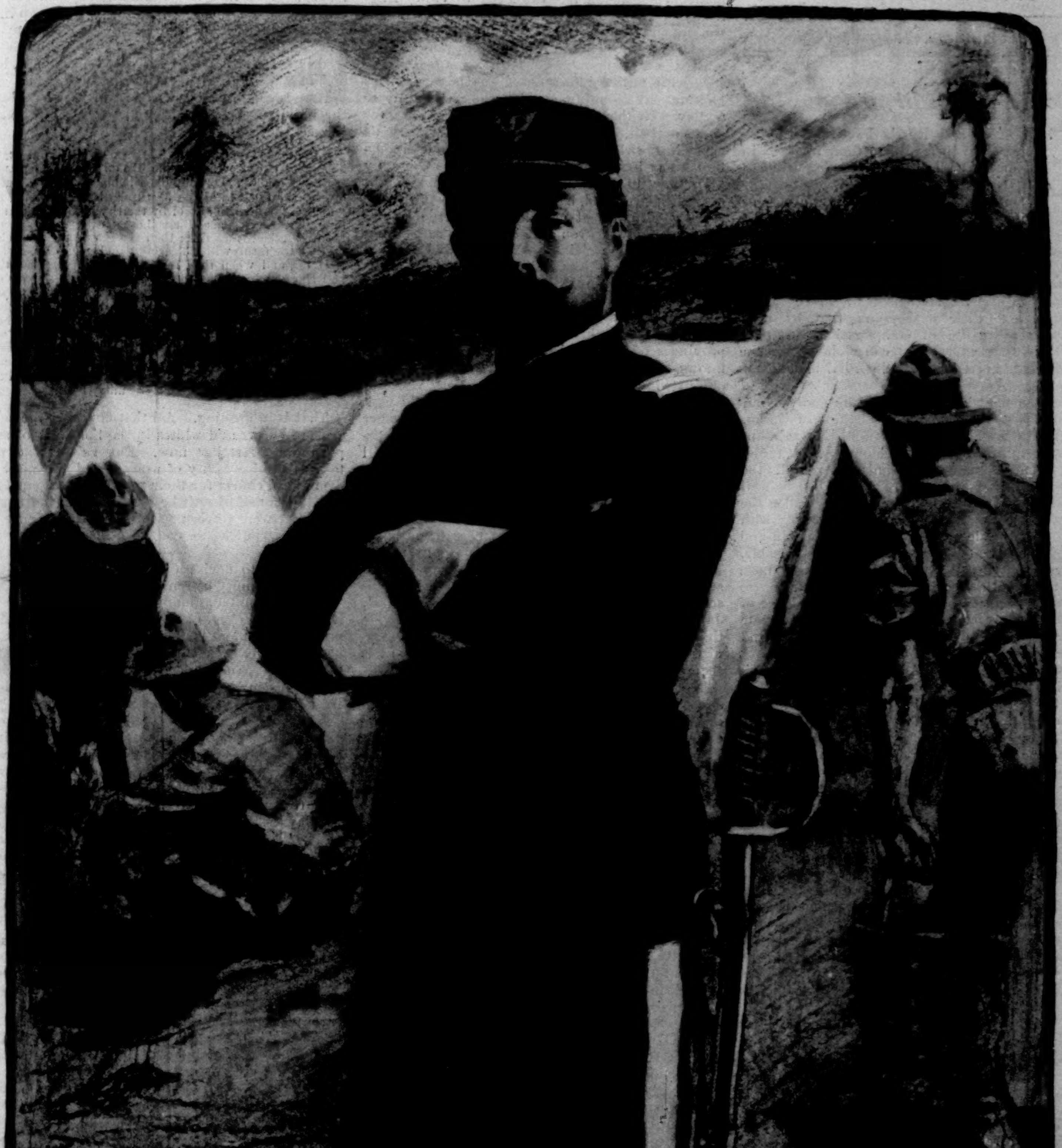

BRIGADIER-GENERAL FREDERICK FUNSTON, U.S.V.

THE FIGHTING COLONEL OF THE 20TH KANSAS VOLUNTEERS, WHO HAS BEEN PROMOTED FOR BRAVERY.

[SEE PAGE 496.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 20, 1899

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The Partition of China

ENGLAND and Russia have come to an agreement in regard to their interests in China. Russia is to have a free hand in securing railway concessions north of the Great Wall, England not interfering for herself or in behalf of any other power. Russia makes the same pledge in regard to English concessions in the valley of the Yang-tse. Both parties affirm that they purpose in no wise to interfere with the integrity of the Chinese government, or to modify in any respect existing treaties. They announce also their expectation that, by thus "averting all cause of complications between themselves, they expect to "consolidate peace in the Far East, and serve the primordial interests of China herself."

The agreement has been hailed by many as an indefinite postponement of the partition of China, as a guarantee of peace, and as affording substantial opportunity for the development of trade. Lord SALISBURY speaks optimistically, and the authorities at Washington are reported to be well pleased, as it insures to this country, under the "most favored nation" clause of the treaty with China, equal trade rights in both the Russian and English spheres of influence. It is noticeable, however, that in all the comments certain facts seem to be entirely overlooked. These facts are the nature of Russian extension, the decadence of the Chinese government, involving almost a state of anarchy in the remoter parts of the empire, and the increasing demands of other powers.

Russian extension in Asia has been very uniform in its character, and the same methods that made Siberia and Turkestan integral parts of the Russian Empire are to-day being employed in Manchuria. A Russian railroad, according to Russian practice, involves Russian troops for its protection and Russian colonists for its working. Accordingly, Russian garrisons are stationed all through that section connecting the fortified border on the north with the still more strongly fortified ports at Port Arthur and Talienwan. As the agreement concedes to Russia the entire section north of a line from the northern boundary of Tibet to Shanhaikwan, including not only Mongolia and Manchuria, but at least half of the important province of Pechili and a considerable section of the Yellow River, no one need be surprised to learn at any time of Russian garrisons stationed wherever in the course of development Russia thinks she may want a railway, or even a military road. It is notorious also that Russian colonists have been pouring into the rich plains of Manchuria by the hundred thousand. No one supposes that these Russian troops will be recalled at the request of the Chinese government, or that these colonists will be regarded as Chinese subjects. Chinese sovereignty over that whole territory has already become a mere fiction, to be disregarded entirely whenever Russia sees fit to do so, just as was the case with Batum. When that time comes, there will be no sentimental consideration for the rights of any "most favored nation."

The second fact, the decadence of the Chinese Empire, is too well known to require more than the mention. It is long since the Manchu dynasty has had much actual authority throughout central and western China. By shrewd manipulation of individual viceroys a semblance of rule has been preserved; but the chronic revolutions in the south and west have been witness to the general situation, which has bordered close on anarchy. More than once the question has arisen of a transference of the capital from Peking to Han-kow, which would mean the overthrow of the present rule and the establishment of a different and probably distinctively Chinese government. In any case, order, better order than there has been, must be secured if trade is to be safe and the promised railway and mining concessions made actual. How is that to be secured? It is outside of Russian interest. England has a free hand. Will she, on Lord CHARLES BERESFORD'S plan, reorganize the Chinese army and force the hated Manchu dynasty on the wealthy provinces of the Yang-tse Valley? The effort, once begun, could not be intermitted, and unless all precedent in Asiatic and African experience goes for naught, it would inevitably result in occupation, and the British sphere would become what the Russian already is, first virtual then actual British territory.

The third factor, the increasing demands of other powers, must also be taken into account. With Manchuria Russian, and the Yang-tse Valley English, there remains on the north the Yellow River section, and on the east and south the border provinces. Germany already holds Shan-tung on virtually the same terms as Russia holds Manchuria—*i. e.*, with military force—and she is reported as looking with longing eyes to the Yellow River Valley. Neither Russia nor England could offer great opposition to her claims, though Russia's share in the river valley might create a complication. Far less than her neighbors does Germany know how to get along with an even nominally suzerain power, and, her grip once on that section, the integrity of that part at least of the empire would scarcely be even a fiction. The same thing is true of French claims to Yun-nan and Kwang-tung. France affirms, indeed, that all she wants is railroad extension, yet she has already, according to report, which, even if not absolutely accurate, forecasts her purpose, claimed a mining concession in Sz-chuen, one of the most turbulent provinces of the empire. Such a concession she knows, as does every one else, to be worthless without a strong government to keep order. Will she join hands with England in reorganizing the Chinese army in the interest of the Empress Dowager and her Manchus, against whom the people of Sz-chuen are now in open revolt? The answer will be found in following her course in the establishment of her present Indo-Chinese Empire and her relations to Siam. So far as England is concerned, some arrangement between the two could probably be made in the south and west corresponding to that between England and Russia in the north, but France would scarcely be willing to play a more subordinate rôle than Russia. Italy at Sanmun is scarcely an important factor. More serious is the Japanese claim to Fukien. Few will imagine that the Chinese government will cordially recognize any such Japanese predominance there as is accorded to the European powers.

The fact simply is that Russia has forced the situation, and can well afford to sit quietly by and even perhaps smile as she watches the other powers working out the problems her action has made insistent. Were there any hope of a strong Chinese government which could, even in alliance with England, control its own territory, the partition of the empire might be still postponed. So far as appears, however, there is no outlook of that kind. Were it possible to isolate the Yang-tse Valley from the southern provinces, England might succeed in doing there what she has done in India —strengthen a native state. But with a Russian Empire on the north, and German, French, Japanese, Italian, and possibly Austrian districts interjected at various points, even such a scheme is virtually impracticable. There may be some delay, but the partition of China has begun, and American trade and diplomacy will do well to recognize the fact and adapt themselves to it.

ONE of the excuses made for lynching in rape cases in the South is that women who have suffered violence will not appear in court and testify against their assailants. A letter which recently came to the WEEKLY from a correspondent in Georgia speaks of a case, apparently well known in Georgia, of the wife of a prominent clergyman, who received injuries from a negro, from the effects of which she eventually died. Her husband would not allow the man to be lynched, and the wife would not testify against him in court, consequently he escaped punishment altogether.

The unwillingness of women to appear in court against such assailants is entirely natural and comprehensible. To get over this difficulty and still avoid the counter-evil of lynching, it has been proposed to establish drum-head courts, which will deal out sudden and summary punishment to authors of crimes against women. Mr. ARCHIBALD HOPKINS, of Washington, who has taken some thought on this idea, suggests that, in States where lynching is common, the Governors be authorized to appoint an officer in every township, who, on the day an assault becomes known, shall summon six citizens who live conveniently near, constitute them a special jury, preside over them himself, hold a summary trial, and, if guilt is proved, give sentence, and execute it without further delay. Such a trial would be better than none, in that the accused would have a chance to demonstrate his innocence, and because the responsibility for the proceedings would be openly borne by known men.

A curious supplementary reason given for favoring these drum-head courts is that negro criminals of the sort these courts would deal with do not greatly object to being hanged, provided they have plenty of time to get ready, and especially to repent and get religion. Where the criminal, after a life of vice ending in some hideous crime of violence, is given time to become a happy convert, so that he steps confidently from the gallows trap into eternal bliss, the effect of his punishment upon other evil-doers is almost nullified. When he is sped into the unknown with unwashed hands, the example is held to be more salutary.

Here is what a Georgia woman writes about how the children in the country districts in that State go to school:

> You know Georgia is distinctly an agricultural State. The greater part of her people live on farms and plantations. The only labor employed is black, and the blacks outnumber the whites in the rural districts. Well, the white children go to school by the ringing of the plantation bells. At a place where there are large boys in the family the bell rings first; then the girls and small children on the farms within hearing flock to the call. They start off, and when they reach the next plantation that bell rings, and another band joins them, and so they go, gathering strength until they reach the school. Thus, you see, Southern boys early learn that they are our protectors. In the busy season, when the large boys are needed to help with the crops, the schools close, because the girls and small children cannot with safety go alone. If our land was infested with wild beasts, there could not be a greater fear in the breasts of parents when their girls and little ones start for school on a lonely country road.

That is interesting. All that concerns the relations of blacks and whites in the South is of surpassing interest just now. But as we read the tales of the insecurity of women, and the need of drum-head courts for their protection, we must recall that four-fifths of the lynchings in the South last year were for crimes other than violence or attempted violence to women.

IN trying to devise a remedy for affairs in the South, it must be remembered that the proportion of criminals among the negroes of the South is about three times as great as among the white people; that mere secular education seems not to be effective in improving the negroes' manners or morals; and that lynching as a remedy for crime in the South is a failure. Crime increases under it, and it scares away prosperity.

The worst enemy of the negro race seems to be the negro criminal, and especially the criminal who assails a white woman. The worst enemy of Southern civilization seems to be the lyncher. The most vigorous opponents of Southern lynching are white people in the South, who know that the lawlessness which it begets is ruinous to society. The worst crimes of Southern negroes are crimes in which lust and revenge are combined, but lust and revenge are not allayed, but incited, by such an orgy as was held over SAM HOSE.

Our Southern brethren have a very difficult and perplexing problem in making law and order prevail in their borders. The North has always recognized its large responsibility for the condition of the Southern negroes, and has been more than willing to do its share in looking after them. It is not enough for the North to be willing. It must be wise also. It gave the negroes the suffrage long before they were fit to exercise it. Has it proved a useful gift? BOOKER WASHINGTON, that great and noble negro leader, the most honored man of his race, counsels his people to keep out of politics and leave government to the whites, and to concentrate their energies upon improving their condition by learning better methods of work and acquiring property.

It is not enough for the North to denounce lynching. It must be prepared to uphold the best people in the South in the execution of any sound measures that can be devised to train the young negro in the way he should go, secure the restriction and punishment of crime by legal methods, and put lynching down.

Cruelty begets cruelty. Terror leads naturally to violence. So long as the whites in the South are afraid of the negroes the negroes will doubtless have reason to be afraid of the whites. No intelligent white person in the South defends lynching except as a desperate remedy, the need of which ought to be removed by some better means of restricting crime.

THIS BUSY WORLD. *By E. S. Martin*

THERE is no longer room for confusion of ideas about what happened to the Seventy-first New York Volunteers in the Santiago campaign. The truth, which could not be publicly told last summer, has all come out at last, and is matter of a record which puts misconduct where it belongs, and does justice to courage working under difficulties. The findings of the Court of Inquiry, reviewed by Governor Roosevelt, and published on May 8, are that Colonel Wallace A. Downs disobeyed his orders, and kept his command under fire and out of action for hours; that Lieutenant-Colonel Smith failed to respond to the orders of the division commander that the regiment move forward; that Major Whittle looked out for his own safety, to the neglect of his military duties; and that Captain Austin received an order from the division commander and failed to obey it. Colonel Downs and Major Whittle have resigned, and it is unnecessary to be further concerned with them as officers of the National Guard. The excuse made for Lieutenant-Colonel Smith is that it was not his place to give orders while his colonel was present and unhurt. The Governor, however, reviewing the court's finding, holds that his neglect of duty is clearly established, and that such a man as he is unfit to hold high office in the volunteer army or the National Guard. With Captain Austin the Governor deals mercifully, and blaming a part of his misconduct, as found by the court, upon his three superior officers, merely recommends that he be severely reprimanded.

Most of the other officers and the enlisted men are found to have behaved well, and some of them very gallantly. The trouble with the Seventy-first was that the three senior officers of the regiment were unfit for their commands, and disgraced themselves and, as far as they could, their regiment. The men, and most of the subordinate officers, showed that under competent leadership they would have done admirably well. As it was, the majority of them, when their leaders refused to lead, moved forward with the regulars and stood with them on the summit of the hill.

The action of the court and the Governor is of great value as a means of demonstrating the importance of selecting officers of the National Guard on their military merits.

THE report and findings of the Military Court appointed to investigate the charges made by General Miles about the beef supplied to the army during the war with Spain have been approved by the President, and were published on May 8. As to the canned fresh beef, the court found that it was not a good ration under the circumstances in which it was used, that it had not been tried in large quantities, and that General Eagan's action in buying seven million pounds of it was "a colossal error, for which there is no palliation." It does not blame the packers, who were found to have canned the meat according to the methods customarily in use, and not to have solicited the government to buy it. It says the refrigerated beef was good, but that the arrangements for issuing it and transporting it to the camps do not seem to have been either adequate or efficient. It fails to find evidence that the refrigerated beef was treated with preservatives, as alleged by General Miles. It blames General Miles for not communicating more promptly to the President and Secretary of War such knowledge as he had about the unfitness of the beef; and while it sustains his allegation that the canned beef was unsuitable for use on transports and as a field ration, it fails to find grounds for other allegations about the canned beef. It finds that, except that General Miles was not justified in calling the refrigerated beef "embalmed," and was in error in not complaining sooner to the Secretary of War, and that General Eagan made "a colossal error," as aforesaid (though that there was no ground for imputing any other motive to him than the earnest desire to get the best food for the troops), and that Colonel John F. Weston, Assistant Commissary-General of Subsistence, was responsible for recommending the canned beef as part of the field ration, no charge of guilt may be brought against any officer.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has sold his interests in the Carnegie Company's steel business to his partners. The price paid to him has not been disclosed, but it seems possible that he received as much as $150,000,000. Another estimate is $100,000,000. At all events, Mr. Carnegie retires a rich man, even according to modern standards. He says his action is based on a resolution, formed not long since, that he would not spend his old age in business struggling for more dollars. After sixty, he thinks, a rich man should devote his energies to a wise administration of his surplus wealth.

Mr. Carnegie has set a good example. One of the complaints that are made of American business men is that they don't know when to stop work. Many of them have no mental recourse except business, and dare not stop trying to make money, because that is the only thing in life that really interests them, and if they abandon that resource they are in danger of finding themselves completely out of a job, and of dying of dry-rot after a few years of remorseful inactivity. Mr. Carnegie need have no fears of that sort. His mind is incorrigibly active, and he will always be sure of finding congenial employments. He has various places of residence scattered about the world—in New York, in Pittsburg, in Scotland, and elsewhere, and he likes to move about. He also likes to give money for objects which promise to promote the progress of civilization. Even if he concerns himself no longer with steel-making, and only tries to spend his income, he will find an occupation in that, for the distribution of even four or five million dollars a year is a matter that invites thought; and thought will be sure to go into any distribution that Mr. Carnegie makes. A great millionaire is never out of business; but, besides being a millionaire, Mr. Carnegie is a philanthropist and a writer. He has written books so notable that the prospect of his having time to write more is a matter of public interest. He is perfectly safe in giving up the steel business, so long as he still retains its profits.

ANOTHER rich man who seems to be looking for more leisure is Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, of Chicago, who, the newspapers say, expects very shortly to turn over the management of his street railway companies to other hands and come to New York to live. Mr. Yerkes already has a house in New York, but he has not practised himself in supplementary occupations as much as Mr. Carnegie has. He is something of a collector, and he owns a newspaper in Chicago, but his street railroads have kept him pretty busy. There are a great many ways of having fun in the world besides manipulating street railroads, and New York is as good a place as another in which to test some of them.

There are no rumors that Mr. Russell Sage or Mr. John Rockefeller feels the need, as yet, of increased leisure, or sees any interests that attract him to the exclusion of his concern for the activities of Wall Street and of business.

IT looks at last as though work on the Public Library of New York was really about to begin. The Municipal Council has approved the issue of $500,000 worth of bonds, and it ought not to take long to get the money and make a start. According to Secretary Rives, of the Board of Trustees, this half-million which is about to become available will pay for removing the reservoir at Forty-second Street and bringing the foundations of the Library up to the level of the street. According to the prophecies of the architects, this preliminary work will take fourteen months, the foundations aboveground will take eight months more, the further erection of the building two years, and its decoration another year. That means five years for the whole job. It will be a work in which a vast number of people will be hugely interested, and which will be under constant public inspection during its continuance. There is probably no place on the American continent which more different people, from more different places, come in sight of in the course of the year than the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street in New York. Greater crowds doubtless pass other points daily, but those crowds, day after day, are made up of approximately the same people, whereas the crowds that pass the reservoir include a large proportion of visitors to New York, and change materially from day to day.

THERE have been one or two recent bad cases of irregular healing that didn't heal, and the newspapers speak earnestly of the need of rounding up all Christian Scientists, Faith Curers, sorcerers, and other irregulars, and making it profitable for them to go out of business. One of the late cases was that of a twelve-year-old child in Brooklyn, whose sore foot was treated with Faith Cure paste and prayer, until gangrene set in, the mother became frightened, and the child was sent to a hospital. In that case the imposture was so obvious and the treatment was so crude that the healer has been arrested and the law may do something. The other case was that of an elderly woman with dropsy, in Mount Vernon, New York, who elected to have Christian Science treatment, and stuck to it until she died. In such cases, and in Christian Science cases generally, it has always been found difficult to take any action. Sometimes when children die of apparent neglect something can be done, but when responsible elders make their own choice, the coroner cannot do much more than express his sentiments. Fighting shadows is empty work, and somehow when the law gets Christian Science by the throat it isn't there. The statisticians say that in nineteen cases of illness out of twenty the sick person gets well if let alone. If that is true, it allows to all the healers, irregular and otherwise, a good margin of success, and accounts for vast differences of opinion among intelligent folks as to the merits of different means of cure.

MR. C. J. MOULTON-BARRETT, a surviving brother of Mrs. Browning, objects strongly to the recent publication of the Browning Letters (Harpers), and says that the notices of the book which contains them have been "cruelly unjust" to his father's memory. Mrs. Browning, he says, loved her father, and would have been horrified at the publication of the letters. It is well known that Mr. Barrett, the father, would not consent to his daughter's marriage. He never met Mr. Browning, says his son, though he knew of his visits. "My sister," says Mr. Moulton-Barrett, "had been an invalid for years. By direction of Dr. Chambers her room was kept at a certain temperature, and she never left it. Under these circumstances my father lost his daughter. He had loved her from her childhood. He never recovered from it."

The aggrieved parent seems hardly fortunate in his apologist. Of course it was hard on him that his daughter should undutifully have left her room and its even temperature and embarked upon adventures to which her father was sure her health was not equal. But inasmuch as the venture succeeded beyond hope, and brought the invalid great happiness and fair health, and showed that he had been mistaken, he might better have admitted his error, and made up with his daughter and her husband.

Public opinion fully supports Mr. Browning in publishing the letters of his parents. They were far too valuable as literature to be destroyed, and they reveal nothing about their authors which should have been concealed. If incidentally they let out that Mr. Barrett, the father, was a well-meaning but incorrigible domestic tyrant, there is no harm done, and nothing is really disclosed that was not known before. Fathers who want to keep their sane grown-up daughters shut up against their wills must take their chances of winning public disapproval.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY has found a new librarian in Dr. James Hulme Canfield, a graduate of Williams, of the class of 1868. He is an educator of long experience, which began in St. Joseph, Michigan, where he was superintendent of schools. Later he was Professor of Literature for seven years, and after that Professor of History and Political Science, in the University of Kansas. In 1891 he became Chancellor of the University of Nebraska, and in 1895 President of the University of Ohio.

Among recent gifts to Columbia are $10,000 from the Chamber of Commerce of New York for a Waring Memorial Fund, $10,000 from the George William Curtis Memorial Committee for a George William Curtis Fellowship in Political Science, and about $11,000, the proceeds of a performance given at the Metropolitan Opera House in honor of Anton Seidl, for an Anton Seidl Fellowship in Music.

President Low gives the university $75,000 to reimburse it for interest paid on bonds given to build the library. During President Low's absence as delegate to the Peace Congress, Dean Van Amringe will be acting President.

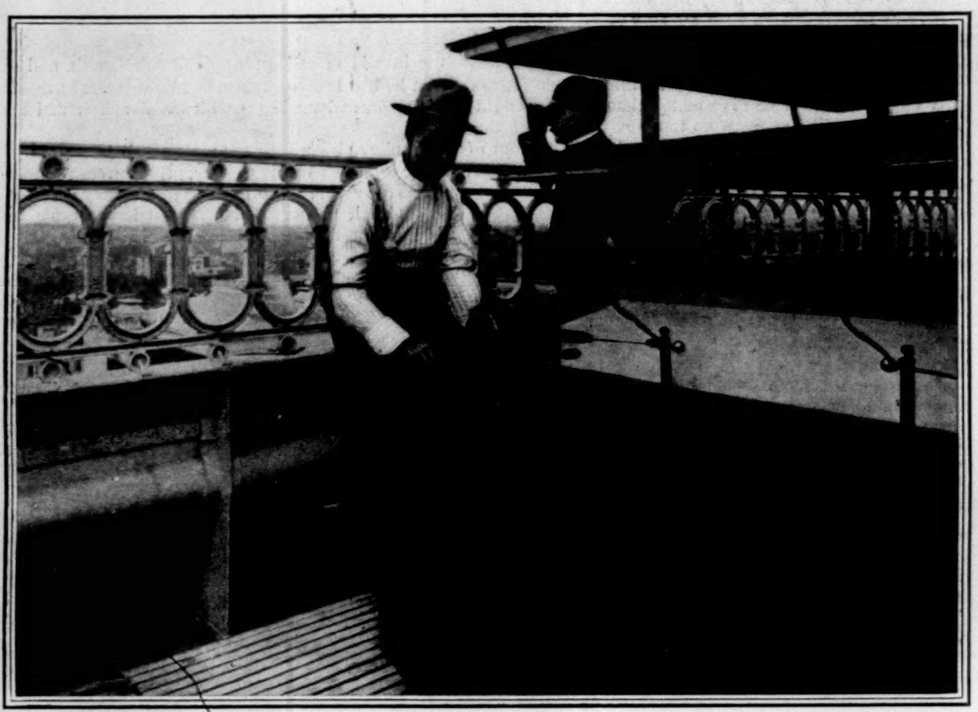
BARONESS DE HIRSCH did not leave a hundred million dollars to charity, as was reported. The *Jewish Chronicle*, of London, says the sum was $9,350,000, including $1,200,000 to the Hirsch Fund of New York. Francs, dollars, and pounds are prone to be confused in crossing the Atlantic. However, nine million dollars of Hirsch money added now to what the baron gave in his lifetime, and what the baroness gave while she lived, makes a great sum, and the spirit and intelligence that have directed its distribution are even more notable than the sum itself.

THE congregation of the Old South Church in Boston recently met and formally abolished "the Confession of Faith of the Old South Church," which was adopted in 1680. It has not been in use since 1850, and the last two ministers have not subscribed to it. It included, among other statements, a clear and precise declaration of the unsearchable wisdom of God in foreordaining unchangeably a certain and definite number of men and angels "to dishonor and wrath for their sin, to the praise of his glorious justice." Only the elect, it held, had any chance; "neither are any other redeemed by Christ, nor effectually saved." For nearly two centuries the Old South held this indigestible mass of doctrine in its vitals, and yet was able to assimilate the word of life, and to live and prosper as a Christian society.

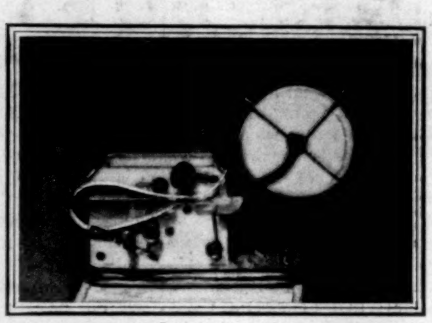
PRESCOTT, the former capital of Arizona, contributed several members to the regiment of Rough Riders, among them Captain O'Neil, killed at Santiago, and greatly lamented. It is the sentiment at Prescott that there should be a monument to the Rough Riders somewhere, and that Prescott is probably the best place for it. A reader of the WEEKLY who is now visiting there approves, and transmits the sentiment of the Library Club of the town that the proposed monument could not take a fitter form than that of a building for the Prescott Free Library. The town, it seems, has a considerable floating population—prospectors, cowboys, miners, and ranchmen—who come in for supplies and local color. They all need a free library, and so do the permanent residents, and the visitors who come to Prescott for their health. The town lies in the mountains, 5500 feet above the sea. Its climate is good, its scenery grand, and its "point of rocks" is a glacial product which is of the greatest interest to geologists. Fort Whipple is at Prescott, and there General Crook used to fit out his expeditions against Indians. Obviously the town is greatly blessed, but it would be still better off if its library committee could have proper shelter for its books. Any one who, like Mr. Carnegie, is forming the habit of giving away libraries, should communicate with the Library Club of Prescott.

As for making the proposed library a memorial to the Rough Riders, that is an engaging idea, though action can hardly be taken on it until it has been approved by Colonel Roosevelt.

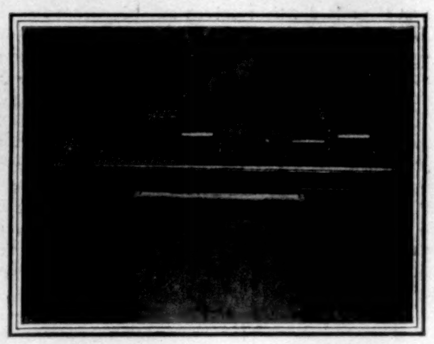
IN behalf of the officers and enlisted men of the Eighth Cavalry, Lieutenant Donaldson, acting regimental adjutant, writes to the WEEKLY from Camp Carpenter, Puerto Principe, Cuba, "to thank the kind people who have responded so generously to Lieutenant Steele's request for reading matter." "We would like," he says, "to send a personal letter to each person who has remembered us, and as far as possible this has been done. But it may be that some of the reading matter has not been acknowledged, and for that reason I ask that this letter be published."



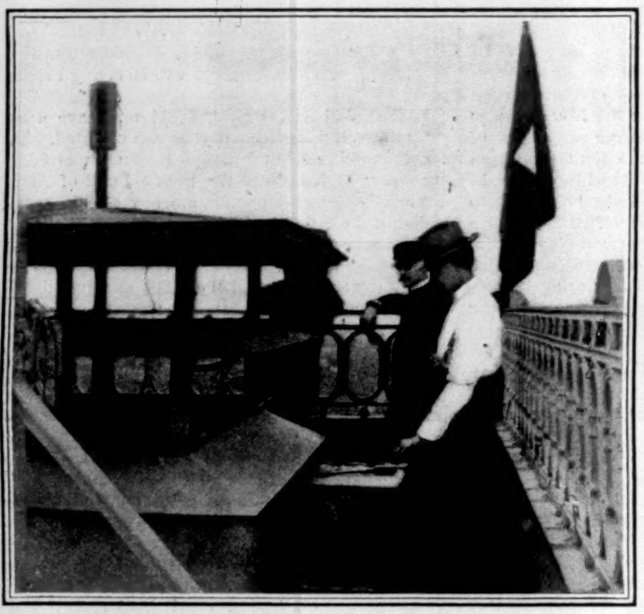
SENDING A MESSAGE FROM THE ROOF OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



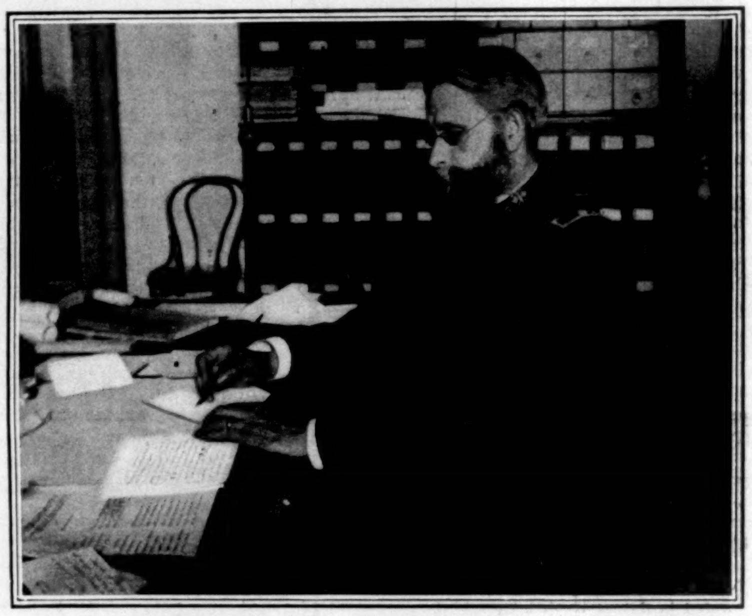
TAPE ON WHICH MESSAGE IS RECORDED.



RECEIVING APPARATUS.

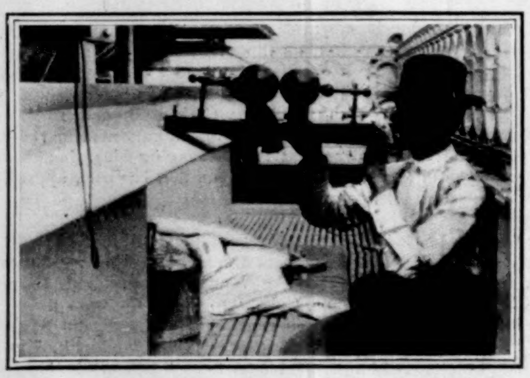


THE OSCILLATOR IN POSITION.

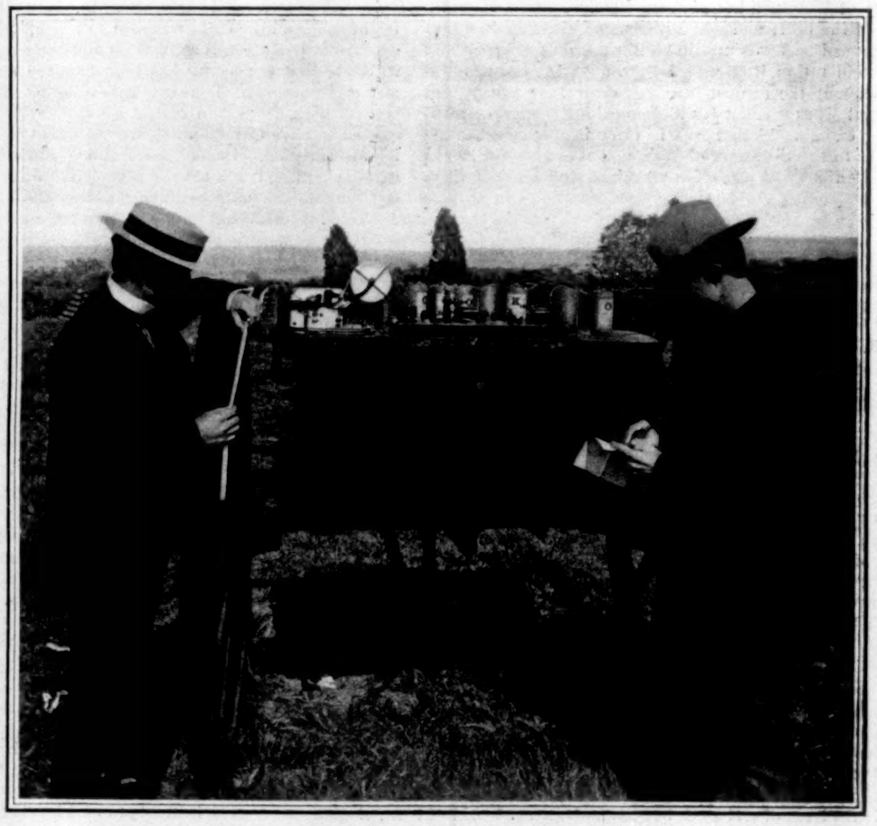


BRIG.-GEN. ADOLPHUS W. GREELY, SIGNAL CORPS, U. S. A.

REGULATING CURRENT AT KEYBOARD.

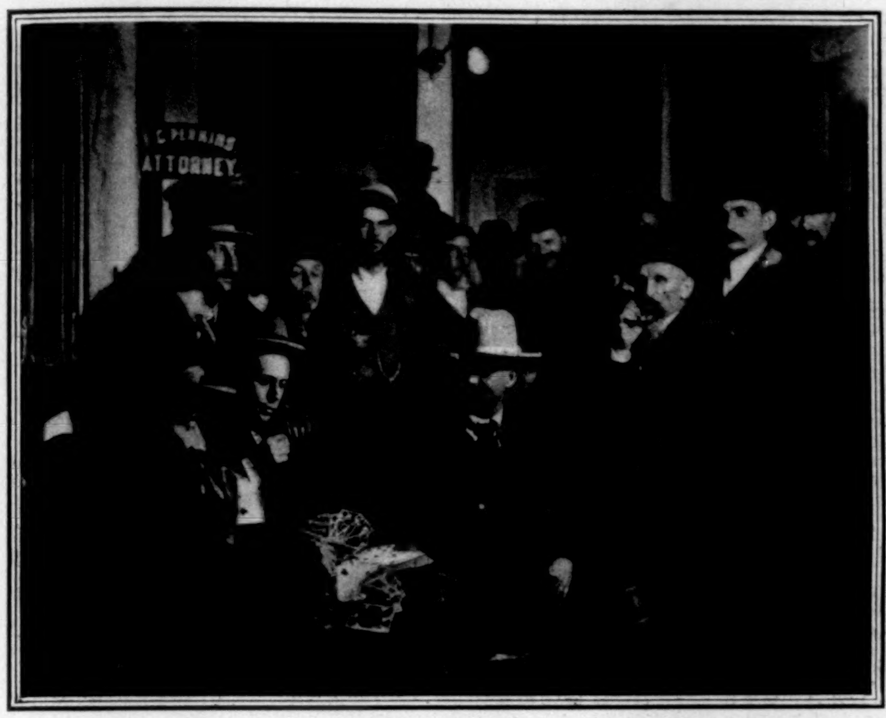


ADJUSTING THE OSCILLATOR.



MAJOR STEVENS, U. S. A., AND AN OPERATOR RECEIVING A MESSAGE AT FORT MYER, VIRGINIA.

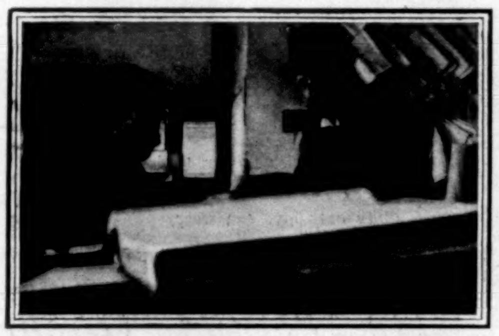
THE RECENT EXPERIMENTS IN WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY BY UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICIALS AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 508.]



IN LINE AT THE LAND-OFFICE, MAY 2, 11.30 P.M.

DRIVING THE FIRST STAKE AT 12.0'.05".

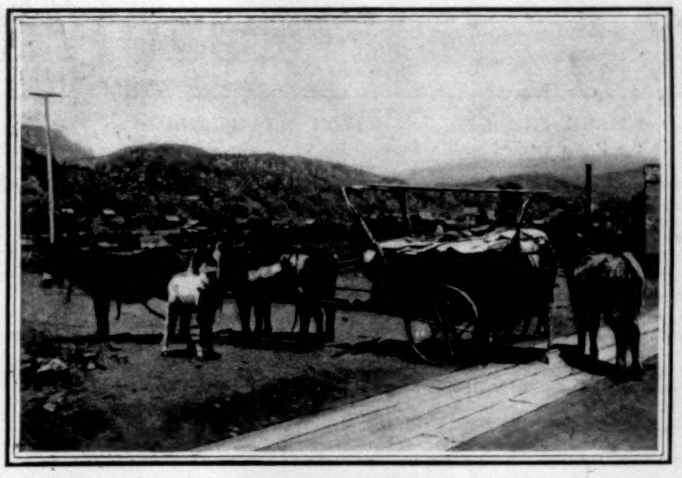
MAKING "SUBSTANTIAL IMPROVEMENTS," SO AS TO SELL OUT.



FILING FORMAL CLAIM FOR TWO SECTIONS AS SCHOOL LANDS.

WAITING IN LINE, FOUR MINUTES BEFORE THE START.

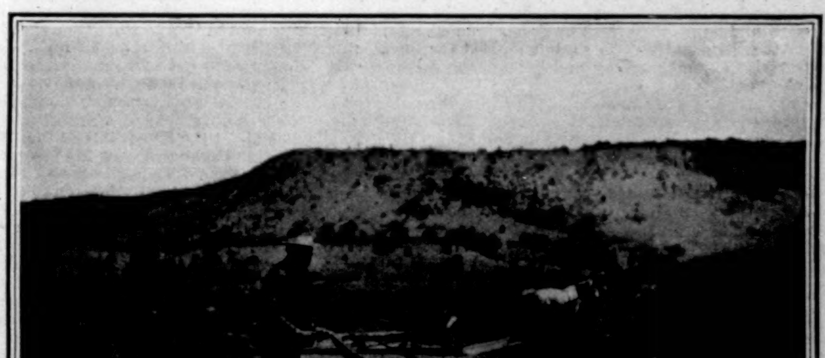
PLANTING POTATOES SHORTLY AFTER 12 O'CLOCK.



BOOMER FROM SILVER CLIFF, COLORADO—300 MILES IN 30 DAYS.

CHIEF IGNACIO.

GROUP OF INDIANS AT THE POST-TRADER'S.



NO TIME LOST—SETTLER BUILDING AND PLOUGHING AT 12.02.

OPENING THE UTE RESERVATION IN SOUTHERN COLORADO TO SETTLEMENT.—[See Page 496.]

Gen. Frederick Funston

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

THE child of civilized parents is a savage; probably the male of the species is more nearly a wild creature than the female. And because he is a savage a boy is brave just so long as he holds to the traditions of savagery. When he begins to regard his raiment and to fear dirt, when he begins to take account of personal comfort—which, although "scorned of devils," is cherished in polite society—the boy begins to lose his valor and becomes a well-regulated member of society, with an ambition to sit at a desk and to avoid doing anything unusual. Now the key to the character of Frederick Funston, recently appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers for gallant conduct, is the fact that in the thirty-three years of his romantic, adventurous, and eventful life he has never passed a period when he thought the second time about the dirt on his clothes. He wandered into the fringe of civilization in the years of his adolescence, and all his life it has been of more importance to him to accomplish his ends than it has been to keep his cuffs clean. Many a heroic deed in this world has been left undone because it would soil a shirt; but with Funston the deed, not the shirt, has been of primary importance, as it is with every boy. Funston is still a boy—a devil-may-care, earnest, honest, patriotic boy, who will not be impressed with his gold braid and his star too deeply. He has lived all his life out-of-doors, in lands of danger and amid alarms. The visions that boys see have come true in Funston's daily life, and he has never awakened from his dream to find his feet chained to a desk, and his mind the slave of a column of capricious figures which will not obey the reasonable requirements of a balance. His mind has grown with experience and with the culture that comes from wide reading. He has the keen intelligence of a scholar and a gentleman, and writes as well as he fights, having contributed to HARPER'S WEEKLY and to *Scribner's Magazine* and to *St. Nicholas*. But his body is a boy's body, that does not shiver nor falter at hardships, and his eyes are a boy's eyes. They see expedients which reason and sage logic would hoot at. It was a boy who swam the Bagbag; a boy who charged the Filipinos from a raft. For a man would have thought of fever germs and rheumatism, and would have been a cautious colonel. But the boy in Funston put the star upon his shoulder, and the boy in the heart of all the world rouses to throw up its hat at these splendid achievements.

Now the foregoing remarks, being written by way of introduction, may be thrown out as irrelevant, incompetent, immaterial, and not the best evidence. Yet to comprehend the facts of Funston's career some explanatory words seem necessary.

When the Twentieth Regiment of Kansas Volunteers encamped near San Francisco last summer the regiment was a sorry-looking lot. The young men had left their homes in Kansas for Topeka, where they were mustered into service, wearing not their every-day clothes, but their old worn-out clothes. They supposed that the State of Kansas would equip them with uniforms immediately, and when the State did not do so, but hustled the boys into the overland trains, rag, tag, and bobtail, the reporters for the Pacific coast papers jeered the Kansas boys with jeers. Highly humorous episodes illustrating the ignorance of the Kansans were printed for the delectation of Californians, and Laughter, holding both his sides, walked up and down in front of the Kansas regiment every morning and evening. All of which simply proves that beauty is only skin-deep. For the fact, according to the report of the mustering officer, is that the Twentieth Kansas, instead of being ignorant, did not contain a man who could not read and write; two-thirds of its commissioned officers held degrees from Western colleges and universities. Its lieutenant-colonel once represented the United States as Consul-General at Cairo, and his name is honored upon the dedication page of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *The Rulers of the Mediterranean*; the regimental majors are men of expert military education and exceptional culture; the regimental colonel, Frederick Funston, is a type of Anglo-Saxon fighter, as the fighter is found in the history which glorifies John Smith and Miles Standish, Joe Hooker and Roosevelt.

Funston left the Kansas farm in his teens, where his father's household was established. He went to Mexico. There he picked up Spanish. He entered the Kansas State University in his early twenties, alternating annually the pursuit of knowledge with the pursuit of dollars—first as a Santa Fe train-collector, then as a Kansas City newspaper reporter, and later as a government botanical explorer in the Dakotas and in Montana, and finally in the terrible Death Valley of southern California.

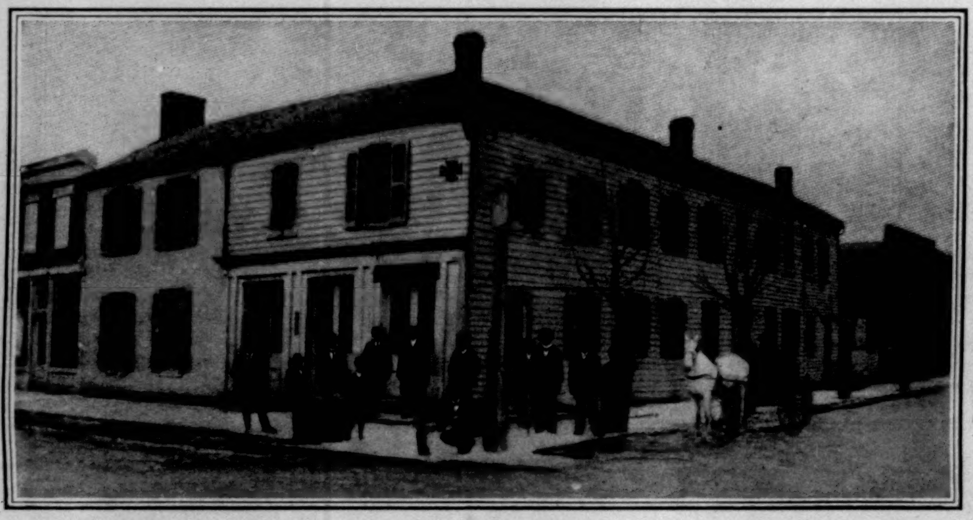
Funston is the only member of the government surveying party which went into Death Valley in 1891 who is now alive and sane.

In 1892 Funston left school, and the government sent him to Alaska to botanize along the coast. In 1893 he made his second and last trip to Alaska. He went down the Yukon and up the Porcupine River, spending most of the winter at Rampart House, under the Arctic Circle. During the winter the Indians brought a rumor that a whaling fleet had been crushed to pieces in the ice of the Arctic Ocean. Boyish curiosity sent Funston with an Indian guide from Rampart House to the place where the wrecked fleet was supposed to be. He and the guide lost their way, and went 900 miles on snow-shoes in the night of an arctic winter. But when he found the North American whaling fleet locked in the ice and in good condition, the boy's interest in the matter was satisfied, and he went back to Rampart House. Alone, in an open canoe, without companion or guide, he went down the Porcupine to the Yukon, and on the Yukon to Bering Sea, a distance of something like 1500 miles. Ostensibly he was surveying the flora of the river-banks, but really he was quenching a boy's thirst for adventure. After Funston's return from Alaska in 1894, fate almost caught and caged him. Six months' trying to establish a coffee-plantation in Central America, and a year as assistant auditor of the Santa Fe, were too tame for him, and he escaped to Cuba on the *Dauntless*. To casual acquaintances he said he was going to Cuba as a correspondent for HARPER'S WEEKLY, but to intimate friends Funston said frankly that he was going to Cuba to fight, because he believed Cuba had a just cause and needed help. When he got in the thick of the fight he forgot to write, and not until he returned to New York, in December, 1897, wounded, and emaciated with fever, did he take his pen in hand. But his account of the battle of Desmayo, printed in HARPER'S WEEKLY of March 5, 1898, is as good a battle piece as has appeared in print for many a year.

In the Cuban army he rose from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel and chief of artillery, under Garcia. Funston fired the first dynamite-gun ever used in actual war, with only the printed directions of the gun-makers to guide him. At that time he did not know as much about artillery as he did about a sulky-plough, but he made what a boy calls a "stab" at it; and when a chunk of Spanish fortification caved in Funston was happy, and went on making ruins with his new toy. After he was appointed Colonel of the Twentieth Kansas Volunteers by Governor Leedy of Kansas, Funston was called to Tampa to consult with General Miles about the topography of certain parts of Cuba. Funston would not wear his colonel's uniform at Tampa; he went about in the linen clothes of a civilian. When some one asked why he did not put on his uniform, he replied: "Now I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, trotting up and down in a colonel's rig, when all around here are sure-enough soldiers—men who have fought their way up from the line in the regular army, who have been in the civil war and in a score of Indian wars, who have the right to wear only a captain's or at most a major's uniform! Wouldn't I be a daisy, letting men like that salute me in my tin-soldier clothes? Well, I guess not—not without stimulants, anyhow!" So he scampered about in his unadorned clothes, and jeered at what he called the livery-stable brigadiers who did not know fours right from balance all. Funston did not know very much about the fine points of the art of war, but he was candid and acknowledged his ignorance. When the regular-army men at Tampa began to question him about his range with the artillery Funston told them, with a boyish innocence too sweet to poison with military science, that he pulled his guns up within four or five hundred yards of his mark before firing. Whereat the army men laughed quietly, winked at one another, and listened dubiously thereafter. Later, when some Spanish officers were taken prisoners at Santiago they told in horror of a "little damn fool American," fighting under Garcia the year before, who poked the nose of his gun so close to the Spanish fortifications that his powder burned their eyebrows. Then the American regular-army men remembered Funston, and laughed again.

When Funston joined his Kansas regiment in San Francisco he put his best bib and tucker on and went to school to his majors. He devoted his time to keeping the camp clean. When the Kansas boys dressed up they immediately took rank with the best regiments in the camp. Their sick list was the smallest in the division; they drilled like machines; came to love their colonel so that when he anointed them with the vials of his fluent wrath they were ecstatic in their happiness. He made speeches to them that were not in the regulations. "I have noticed," he said to the regiment one day in August, "that you boys are getting sloppy in your manners. When you meet a superior officer you kind of brush a fly from your ear and go on. Now hereafter you just stop brushing flies and salute."

When the fighting in the Philippines began Kansas was in the first of the fight; Kansas had to be called back a thousand yards to keep the firing-line from bulging; Kansas was the first in Caloocan; Kansas was the first in Malolos. These things the readers of the WEEKLY know. The Kansas regiment is no better than the volunteers from other Western States, where the school-house has made literacy universal and intelligence high. And the story of the short life of the Kansas colonel probably might be repeated with interesting variations if the stories of other volunteer officers from other States were written. The Anglo-Saxon has a "heart for any fate," and every American boy has a hand for any job. And to-day, if War has smoothed his wrinkled front in the islands, probably the youthful Brigadier from Kansas—a little man, barely five feet four, and of less than one hundred pounds avoirdupois—is sitting in front of his tent droning the "Ballad of Boh da Thone" (his single vice), or he is building a white air-castle with green blinds on a big fruit farm in Kansas, which he hopes to own some day.



HOUSE AT NEW CARLISLE, OHIO, WHERE FREDERICK FUNSTON WAS BORN.
His Birth occurred in the Room marked with a Cross.

Shapes Forever Fair

WOULDST look upon what ruthless years have done
With loveliest things that ever knew the sun,
Delve not where
The mould is on old marbles rare;
Look not there.

For purest beauty that has passed away
Look not in ruined fanes of old decay;
Seek not there
The sovereign shapes forever fair;
Look not there.

Look in the pale sad face no longer young,
Look through the suffering that has found no tongue;
That despair,
Mute, gentle, let it be thy care;
There, seek there.

Look in and in, with tender, tireless art,
Among the beauties of a ruined heart;
Shapes made fair
With glory only love can wear,
Seek them there!

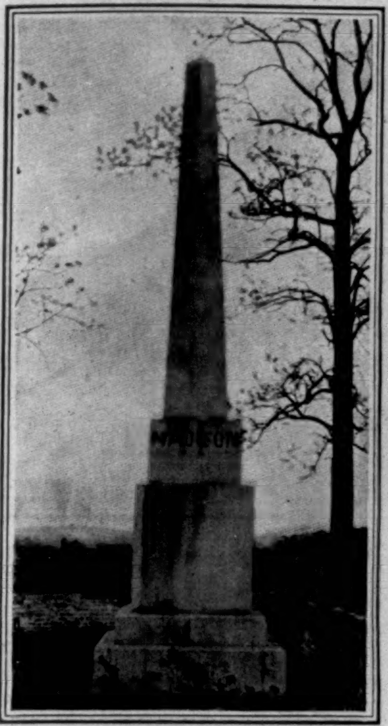
JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Ute Lands Opened

AT noon on May 4 the Southern Ute Reservation lands in southwestern Colorado were, by proclamation of President McKinley, thrown open to settlement. About 636,000 acres—now a sage-brush wilderness, though watered by the San Juan, Piedra, Beaver, Florida, and La Plata rivers, and capable of supporting a large farming population—were made subject to entry under the desert homestead, timber, and town-site laws, and the laws governing the disposal of mineral and coal lands; while approximately 60,000 acres of bottom-land along the rivers were set apart to tempt the industry of a native tribe which, unfortunately, had thrown down the spear without taking up the scythe and pruning-hook.

In the neighboring town of Durango the event had been hopefully anticipated for a long time. A thousand land-seekers were on hand, and the line of applicants waiting their turn to file claims on choice portions of the territory was formed two days before the appointed time. Many well-armed and mounted adventurers, however, adherents of the doctrine that possession is nine points of the law, preferred to take their stand and wait for the signal on the boundary-line itself. It should be said that there was a marked absence of the excitement and threats of violence which have characterized the opening of other Indian lands, and that this fact was, in a measure at least, due to a clause in the act of Congress of February 20, 1895, which provides that "no homestead settler shall receive a title to any portion of such [Ute Reservation] lands at less than $1 25 per acre, and shall be required to make a cash payment of 50 cents per acre at the time filing is made upon any of said lands." Moreover, there was comparatively little to choose between hundreds, or even thousands, of sites in the wide expanse of mesa, or upland, while there was unquestionably a feeling in some quarters that the true opening would be secured by those who took their own time in bargaining with the natives for the surrender of their fertile lowlands.

Ignacio, chief of all the Southern Utes, withdrew with his tribe of Weminuches to the neighborhood of Navajo Springs; the other two tribes, the Capotes and Moaches, remained on the choice lands of La Plata and Archuleta counties. To the correspondent of the WEEKLY at Durango, Ignacio complained that the allotments of land to his people were too large; he wished to see the reservation fully taken up by white men, as the proceeds of the sales are to go to his tribes. Even the whole tract should be thrown open, he maintained, so that no one might be deterred by the fear that the best farming lands were not available; and when, on the second day of the opening, he learned that but forty-two claims had been presented at the land-office, he looked hungrier than ever, and grunted, "White man heap talk, no *dinero*" (money). There seems to be no prospect that the Indians will cultivate all of their 374 allotments, or even a very few of them, for they are averse to labor of all kinds. The Utes in this part of the State number 1046, according to the latest reports. These, with about 1400 of their kin, receive $50,000 annually from the United States government in addition to rations—$10,000 being set aside for the maintenance of their schools, and the rest distributed among the members of a diminishing, and, it is feared, a hopelessly dependent race.



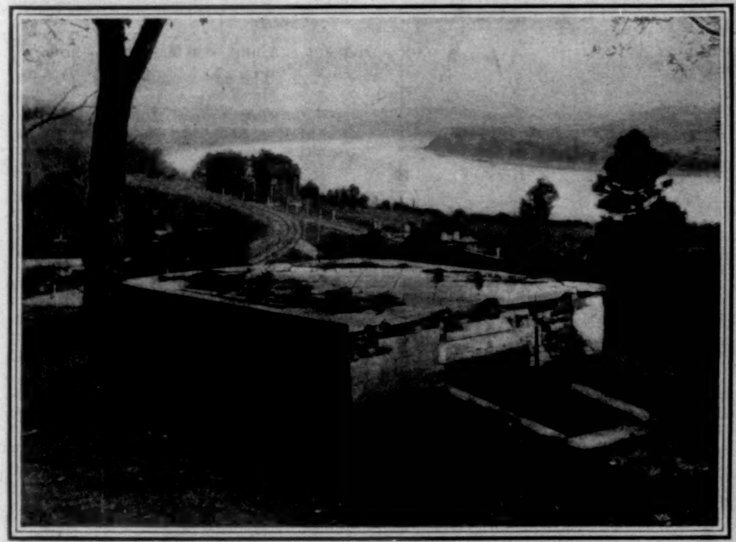
MADISON'S SIMPLE MONUMENT AT MONTPELIER, VIRGINIA.

The Grave.

JOHN TYLER'S UNMARKED GRAVE AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

Neglected Graves of American Presidents

OF all the Presidents of the United States who have lived their allotted time and passed away forever from those scenes which formerly knew them, only three—Lincoln, Garfield, and Grant—may be said to be worthily entombed. The graves of the remainder, scattered here and there, are in most cases only very modestly commemorated; and usually the memorial has been erected by the family or friends of the dead, rarely by the public or the State. In three instances forgetfulness of the departed has assumed something more than the aspect of neglect, and the last resting-places of James Madison, William Henry Harrison, and John Tyler have for long periods either presented all the melancholy signs of utter desolation, or, as in the case of Tyler, have remained altogether unmarked.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON'S TOMB AT NORTH BEND, OHIO, BEFORE ITS RECENT RESTORATION.

The pilgrim who would visit Madison's grave must first cross a wide open field of that red clayey briery kind characteristic of the Old Dominion. In the midst is a small burial-plot, enclosed by a mouldering, dilapidated brick wall. The spot is solitary and desolate, and lonely with that loneliness peculiar to the family graveyard, where fallen head-stones, sunken mounds, and a wilderness of weeds attest but too plainly the ingratitude of the living throng. Within the enclosure are several graves, and in one of these, almost forgotten in the sleep of death, lie the ashes of James Madison, the fourth President of the United States, and one of the great men of the nation's earlier history. His grave is marked by a marble shaft some twenty feet in height, on which is carved only the simple inscription:

MADISON

BORN MARCH 16TH, 1751

DIED JUNE 28TH, 1836

Madison died at Montpelier, his homestead, in Orange County, Virginia—where he spent so many happy years among his books and papers after his retirement from public life—and was buried here in the family cemetery. Incredible as it may now seem, for more than twenty years his grave remained unmarked, and when the monument which now stands over his tomb was put in place, the position of the grave was ascertained only with difficulty.

William Henry Harrison died a few weeks after assuming his duties as President—his life brought to an untimely end by the cares and vexations incident to the office. His death occurred on April 4, 1841, and a few days thereafter he was buried in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington; but in July of the same year his remains were removed to North Bend, Ohio—Harrison's former home, fifteen miles west of Cincinnati—and there interred in a vault on the family domain, which had been prepared to receive them.

For many years thereafter his tomb was totally neglected by friends and State and the world at large. Time laid its grim hand upon the place and wrought melancholy havoc there; weeds and briers grew apace and choked the entrance to the tomb; the stucco covering of the walls crumbled and fell away under the action of the wind and weather; vandal hands removed the door, and nothing was lacking to indicate utter forgetfulness and ruinous decay.

In the summer of 1897, however, Benjamin Harrison rebuilt his grandfather's tomb, and, as restored, the monument is worthy of a kinsman's memory, though, of course, it is in no sense a testimonial of a nation's reverence. The tomb, the walls of which rise a few feet above the ground, faces the Ohio. It is a modest and unpretending structure, built of stone, and standing beneath embowering trees. Scarcely could a spot be found anywhere more beautiful, more ideal, than this—a high and breezy knoll above a broad historic river. A magnificent panorama of hill, wood, and water spreads away for many miles—a landscape of that spacious, parklike, brilliant kind so typical of America in the Middle West.

Yet one cannot help wishing, standing beside this soldier-statesman's tomb, that monumental stone or granite mausoleum more befitting a great man's memory might crown this eminence—a mark, a sign to the thousands daily passing up and down the river of a nation's esteem.

Of all the occupants of the Presidential seat, Tyler alone may be said to have been wholly and persistently neglected in his place of sepulture.

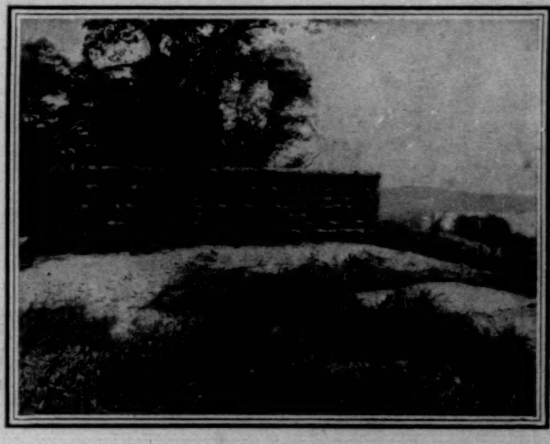
Tyler, whose administration was a stormy one, and marked by stirring events, died in January, 1862, and was buried with great honor in Hollywood Cemetery, at Richmond, Virginia, in what is known as the "Presidents' Plot." This is a section of ground containing 804 square feet, which was purchased by Governor Wise of Virginia on behalf of the State, the original intention having been to bury therein all of Virginia's sons who attained to the Presidency. The plan failed of execution, however, and James Monroe and John Tyler only have been buried in the Presidents' Plot. They lie there, side by side, in undisturbed repose. Monroe's grave is marked by a modest monument, but only a spreading magnolia-tree shows where Tyler takes his long last rest; and few of those who pass along the cemetery walks have any idea that beneath that little mound of green lie the ashes of one whose part in American history was neither languid nor unesteemed and small.

Tyler's native State has not been wholly unmindful of her son's just claims to remembrance. Immediately after his death the Virginia Legislature passed a formal resolution suitable to the occasion, and annexed thereto a clause authorizing the Governor to erect a fitting monument from the funds of the State; but the country was at this time in the throes of deadly civil strife, and Virginia's treasury was empty. A few years later, and before the provisions of the resolution had been carried into effect, the acts of this Legislature were set aside as having been passed under the shadow of the Confederacy, and therefore invalid. Private efforts to erect a monument have since been made, but so far without success.

During the Congress which has just ended its labors an effort was made to secure national assistance. A resolution, introduced by Mr. Lamb of Virginia, providing an appropriation of $10,000 for the building of a memorial, was favorably reported by the committee, but, owing to the press of public business in the House, the matter was not reached for action, so that this, like prior efforts, has resulted in nothing. It is scarcely to be doubted, though, that the necessary funds for erecting a worthy memorial might easily be obtained. A capable leader, supported by a group of patriotic people and by the press, which almost surely would with practical unanimity further the project, could in a little while secure money more than enough to build a suitable monument. Could the fulfilment of President McKinley's suggestion, that the Confederate cemeteries be placed under national control, be better prefaced by anything than by the erection over John Tyler's grave of a fit memorial, raised from funds subscribed by the people of the whole country?

Especially now, when the flag of the nation is floating over distant lands, it is appropriate for the American people to remember that the man who was largely instrumental in securing the annexation of Texas and the vast territory beyond sleeps to-day in an unmarked grave, unhonored, and, so far as the nation is concerned, neglected and unknown.

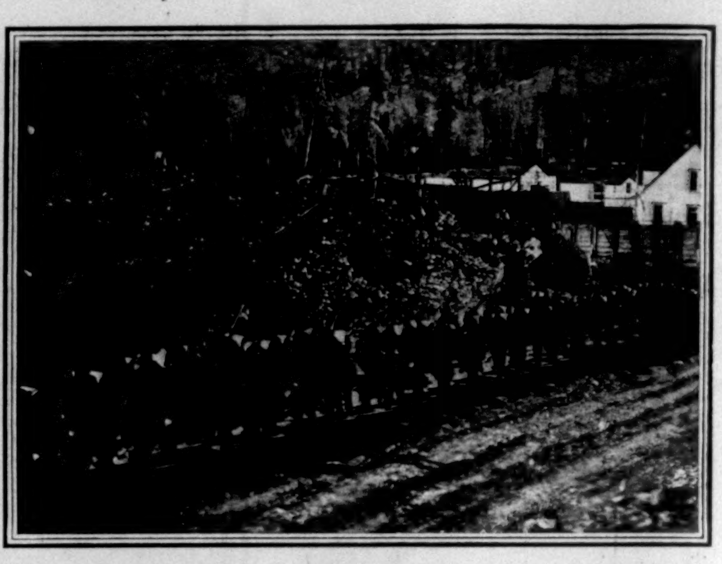
HENRY EDGAR STAUFFER.



WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON'S TOMB AFTER RESTORATION.

Dummy Gun, which had good moral Effect.

NON-UNION MINERS AT BUNKER HILL AND SULLIVAN ON GUARD AGAINST RIOTERS.



NEGRO TROOPS MARCHING INTO TOWN FROM THE STATION.

The Wardner Riot

IN addition to the silver which they produce, the rich mines of the Cœur d'Alene district in northern Idaho supply a great part of the lead used in the United States. Under favorable conditions handsome profits have been realized, and a large mining population supported there. Fluctuations in the price of the metals, however, have made the industry decidedly precarious. During the last six or seven years especially, violent conflicts between miners and mine-owners have occurred from time to time. The miners' union, insisting that the rate of wages should be $3 50 a day, carried their point at Burke, while the Bunker Hill and Sullivan Company at Wardner, conducted as a non-union property, paid $3 for miners and $2 50 for "muckers," or underground laborers.

On April 13 the union leaders posted a circular calling upon all miners employed in the Bunker Hill and Sullivan to join their organization at once. Out of three hundred and sixty men on the pay-roll about one hundred complied. Then the union addressed itself to the company, with the demand that wages should be raised to $3 50 for both classes of laborers. The management responded by discharging all the union members, while making a *pro rata* increase in the wages of its remaining employees.

A few days later the strikers met the working miners and drove them from the property. Arming themselves, the Bunker Hill and Sullivan men returned to work, and, under guard of pickets from their own number, continued the operation of the mine.

With the double purpose of taking revenge upon the mine-owners and making it necessary to shut down the works, the union decided to destroy the mill which supplied the mine with power and concentrated the ore. Their plan was secretly matured. On Saturday, April 29, nearly one thousand miners from Canyon Creek, masked, and armed with rifles and revolvers, stole a Northern Pacific mail-train at Burke. They placed on board three thousand pounds of dynamite, and, thus provided, descended on Wardner. There they were met by the local union men, similarly armed and masked. The employees of the mine and the mill had been warned of the attack, and fled in time to escape the mob; the rioters advanced without meeting opposition, but fired a useless volley before taking possession of the mill. Then men who all their lives had handled giant-powder attended to the distribution of the dynamite, so that it might produce its full effect upon the machinery. The fuses were lighted; the surrounding buildings set on fire; the mob retreated. There were six tremendous explosions, which could be heard nearly twenty miles away. The wreck of the mill and all it contained was complete. Three hours after reaching Wardner the rioters returned to Burke on their stolen train. One of their own number had been killed accidentally, and a non-union man standing among the spectators had been beaten and shot.

GENERAL VIEW OF WRECK FROM RAILWAY TRACK.

As nearly all of the Idaho militia is in the Philippines, Governor Steunenberg called for Federal aid. General Merriam was ordered to proceed to the scene of the disturbance, and betook himself to Wardner with a force of about 650 regulars, drawn from the garrisons at Spokane, Cheyenne, Boise, Walla Walla, Vancouver, and Helena. Martial law and a military censorship were established, and extended over practically the entire county. All persons were forbidden to leave without a pass; all exits were guarded. General Merriam devoted himself to supervising the prosecution of the many offenders; and although it is probable that nearly all of the ringleaders in the strike escaped before the troops took the matter in hand, one hundred and thirty arrests were made at Wardner in a single day. Every person suspected of complicity in the riot was seized and confined in a huge barn, which had been converted into a prison. No bail was accepted.

At Burke, the headquarters of the dynamite conspirators, every man in the town was captured. Two companies of soldiers, despatched on a special train to that point, did the work with uncommon thoroughness. The town stretches out for about a mile, at the bottom of a steep canyon. Guards were stationed on the walls of the gorge to prevent the escape of fugitives, and then the soldiers made a house-to-house search. At the shafts other soldiers were detailed to seize the miners as they came off shift. In the business portion of the single long street merchants and clerks were taken from their shops. Cooks and waiters were captured in the kitchens, and guests as they sat at table. The postmaster, the superintendent of the public schools, doctors and lawyers, were all alike "rounded up"—a grand total of two hundred and forty-three persons. Of this number thirty succeeded in proving their innocence forthwith, and were released. The others were herded into a train of box-cars, and so conveyed to Wardner to await a hearing.

By Governor Steunenberg's directions, Sheriff Young was arrested, and other county officials were practically compelled to resign. The sheriff, who owed his election to the miners' union party, rode down to Wardner on the stolen train which carried the rioters and their dynamite.

It is interesting to note that the miners' union is controlled by Swedes and Italians, with a sprinkling of Finns and Cornishmen. Out of one hundred and thirty-two prisoners, only twenty-six claimed to be natives of the United States. The rest were all evidently and confessedly foreigners. That a long period of lawlessness, during which both life and property have been insecure, has finally convinced the people of the Cœur d'Alenes of their inability to control this reckless element, appears in the statement of our correspondent. "The residents of Wardner," he writes, "are anxious to have martial law maintained, and a permanent military post established here. General Merriam is opposed to such measures, on constitutional grounds." The men who secured the leadership in the union during the strikes of 1892 have held sway ever since, and dynamiters have terrorized the district, even committing murder with impunity. "It has been a weekly occurrence for them to 'run men down the canyon' at the point of guns. By electing county officers from their own ranks, they provided for their own safety, and so completely have grand juries been intimidated that no juror would think of calling the murderers to account without accepting the risk of assassination for himself.

"When a man who notoriously had been killed by the dynamiters was found in the road with an axe in the back of his head, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide!"

COMPANY M, 24TH U. S. INFANTRY, MAKING CAMP AT WARDNER.

WRECK OF THE COMPRESSOR AT BUNKER HILL MILL—THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

THE CONSPIRATORS. *By Robert W. Chambers*

AUTHOR OF "LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SHADOW ON THE WALL.

Detailing, among other things, a few reasons why stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage.

NOW it is one thing to fire a pistol, and another thing to hit what you fire at. It is still another matter to fire at nothing and hit it; but when you fire at nothing and hit anything, the subject becomes too complex for serious discussion.

I fired, not because I saw my late companion over the Colt's sights; I merely took a justifiable snap-shot, just to break the ice. I broke the car window, incidentally; then stepping to the door of the dark coupé, I began to empty my weapon into the interior, expecting, of course, that my late companion would strike up a duet with me.

I was dimly conscious that a great many people around me were screaming and backing away from my neighborhood. I peered through the smoke into the coupé, and saw nobody there. A second later, noticing that the opposite door swung wide open, it came to me that my larcenous companion had perhaps left the coupé at the same moment I had, but by the door opening out on the parallel railway tracks. I sprang to the step of the car, determined he should not escape; the next moment somebody seized me.

I do not now blame the gendarme who, stealing up behind me, threw both arms around me and bawled for help, and breathed unpleasantly down my neck. I no longer harbor ill will towards the other gendarmes and the populace of Luxembourg, who shouted and sweated and hemmed me in amid a crushing throng of excited citizens, who had all apparently been nourished exclusively with onions.

Almost suffocated and crushed, I was introduced into the ladies' waiting-room, from which the ladies, resenting the introduction, promptly fled. Here people shouted at me, and I was conducted to a sidewalk black with citizens, who made observations and pointed and held up little children to see me.

I angrily demanded to be heard; the police laughed. Inside the cab two gendarmes sat facing me; another took a seat at my side, and still another climbed to the box beside the coachman.

There was, truly enough, a certain pomp and circumstance attending my first entry into the city of Luxembourg, although I was not presented with the freedom of the city, or any other kind of freedom. But the military escort was certainly impressive, if not flattering.

"You'll get into trouble if you arrest me," I said. "I am an American citizen—military attaché to the United States Legation."

"So I supposed," replied one of the gendarmes. "Are you also the Grand Llama of Tibet?"

"Do you take me for a madman?" I asked, astonished.

"Either that or a German spy."

"But what would you do if I showed you a German passport?" I inquired, sarcastically.

"Confiscate it," he said.

"Remember," observed one of the fat gendarmes opposite, "that whatever statement you make now will be used against you later."

"What have I said?" I demanded, much amused.

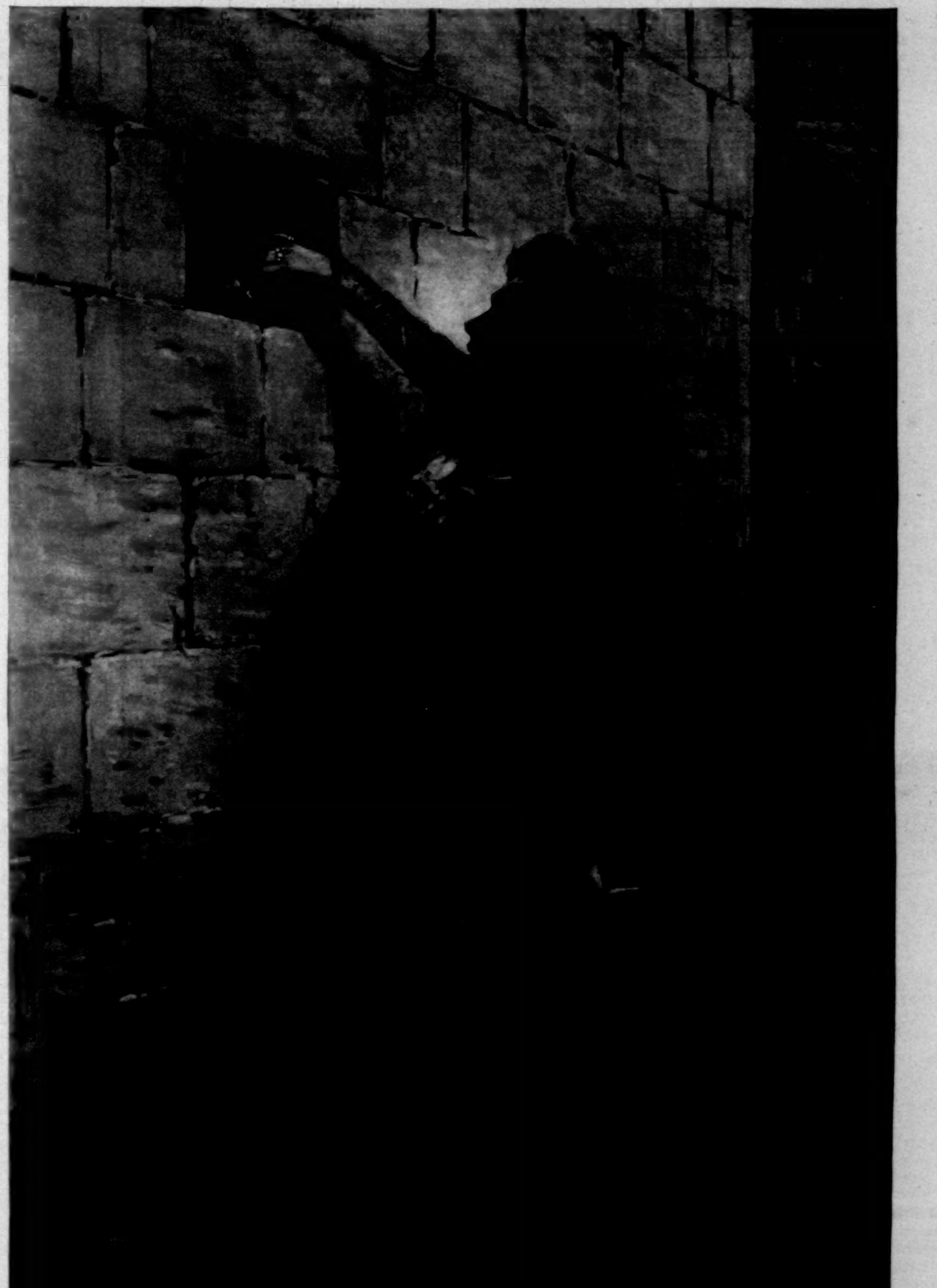
"You have admitted you are travelling under false pretences, and you look it!" said the other gendarme, fiercely.

"Idiots!" I thought to myself; but I said no more, until the cab stopped before a stone gateway, where a trim-looking soldier paraded, rifle balanced on his right shoulder.

"Now," thought I, "for the famous interrogation of the *procès verbal!*" and I descended jauntily from the cab, knowing that a word with any intelligent official would place things in a very different aspect.

Almost at once I found myself entering a great square panelled pen, in a distant corner of which a little shrunken man in tarnished uniform was apparently attempting to conceal himself behind a desk. He popped his head up, then ducked, then peeped at me around corners, until I became a trifle depressed. He seemed so far away, so small, so wizened, and his uniform was so very dusty.

Uncertain and confused, I heard somebody charging some frightful criminal with murderous assault, treason, espionage, lunacy, and the inciting of riots. And presently I found out that the criminal mentioned was I.



"'TAKE IT,' SHE WHISPERED; 'DON'T FORGET ME.'"

Furious, I tried to interpose; the wizened official instantly ducked under his desk, and I waited to see him come up again, which he did like a hell-diver, winking and shaking his head.

"What is your name?" he asked, apparently on the point of diving again.

"Will you kindly listen to my statement?" I said.

"No," he replied; "listen to me and tell me your name."

I could only see his eyes, and his two hands clutching the edge of the blotter, but I bowed ceremoniously to these fragments of official *ensemble*, and replied,

"My name is Gilbert Hardy—"

"Eh?" he cried.

"Hardy! Gilbert Hardy, attaché of the American Legation."

"You are charged with meditating assassination, assault, and inciting to riot. Did you?"

"What? Riot? Nonsense! I demand to be allowed to communicate with the United States minister."

"You fired pistols, eh?"

"At a robber who robbed me in the train."

"Eh? Where is he?"

"If your imbecile police had given me a chance I might have helped them to catch him," I replied.

The official looked blankly at me, put on a pair of glasses, looked at me again, and finally began to write, asking me question after question, which I refused to answer, and which, so far as I could see, had no bearing at all on my case. He insisted that I was a German spy, and I tried in vain to convince him otherwise. Threats, persuasion, taunts, were useless. I offered to show him letters, papers; he would not listen.

The gendarmes looked knowingly at each other and whispered behind their white-gloved hands.

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?" queried the official, with covert cunning.

"Yes," I replied, in French; "but so do you, and that doesn't prove you a German, does it? Send to the Legation. I demand it; do you hear?"

He exhibited symptoms of diving again, and I hastily continued, "I am an American, and I could prove it if I had my passport."

"Oh!" said the official; "then you have no passport?"

I remembered von Elbe's warning, and hesitated to declare that I possessed a passport not my own.

"If you are an honest man, as you say, do you wish to prefer a charge against the brigand who you claim has robbed you?" he inquired, suspiciously. "Of course," he added, "you will be fined for shooting your pistol, for having no passport, for resisting arrest, for disturbing the peace and injuring the state railway, and for collecting a crowd. You will also pay costs—"

"What costs?" I asked, trying to control my anger.

"The cost of the cab, monsieur."

I swallowed my wrath and nodded.

The official began to write again, pursing up his lips as though whistling, desisting occasionally to lick them and look over the rim of his spectacles at me.

"You will be escorted to the American Legation," he said, "after you describe the alleged robber. If you are what you say you are, an official apology will follow."

I gave as good a description of my late travelling companion as I could, at first sublimely unconscious that the description also applied to me. It was only in the altered expressions of the gendarmes and the growing astonishment of the official that I became conscious of the pit I was digging for myself.

I tried to avoid describing myself, but I couldn't; for, although we were utterly unlike, the same terms identified us both.

"How tall was he?" demanded the official, now thoroughly roused to the occasion.

"About five feet seven inches," I said, getting red. I saw the gendarmes mentally calculating my height in centimetres. When they had approximated it they also betrayed excitement.

"How old was he?" faltered the official.

"About twenty-five."

"How old are you yourself?" asked the official, controlling his voice with an effort.

"How old am I?" I repeated, conscious at last that my stammering and hesitation were ruining my character. "I am twenty—let me see—I am twenty-five years old."

"What was the robber's name?"

"Stanerl von Elbe," I said, angrily. "I warn you for the last time to let me go."

Then, to my amazement, a remarkable change came over the official and the gendarmes. The former climbed

hastily down from his desk, skipped across the polished floor to where I stood, and began to bow to me, taking little side-steps, right and left, like the first and second positions in dancing. As for the gendarmes, they stood in a row, hands raised to their shining shakos in salute, grinning and smirking, until I began to believe I had entered Bedlam.

"Pardon, monsieur—a million pardons," said the official, continuing his side-steps and bowing repeatedly; "monsieur was expected in Luxembourg. Doubtless monsieur has a passport identifying monsieur. We know it—we have been informed. Alas, monsieur, we police must obey, and I beg monsieur to believe that the painful necessity of temporarily detaining monsieur is as unwelcome to me as it is to monsieur."

I looked at the little wizened officer, all glittering with dusty tinsel; I noted the grinning row of automatic gendarmes, hands resting against their polished shako vizors. It was like a scene in a Christmas shop window.

"What the devil are you doing?" I asked, sternly.

The officer bowed—looked affable; saw I was angry—looked sad.

"Will Herr Stanerl von Elbe have the goodness to surrender his passport for a moment?" he purred.

"Do you take me for Stanerl von Elbe, you idiot?" I asked.

"Doubtless not, if monsieur so wishes. But the passport—"

"Oh, I have his passport, if you insist," I said, knowing it was useless to think of concealing it; and I drew it from my pocket and handed it to the officer.

Like a ripple on water a second grin ran around the room; the officer bowed low, opened the passport, and began to read it aloud, verifying each item of description by my face:

"Forehead, medium; eyes, brown; nose, very slightly upturned; mouth, medium; chin round; hair, brown; complexion, fair; face, full; mustache, short, light brown." And then he came to the signature: "Stanerl von Elbe."

"I am not Stanerl von Elbe," I said, "and I am becoming tired of your stupidity."

"It is as monsieur wishes," replied the officer, with a bewildering series of bows.

"Oh, is it? Well, then, I'm Gilbert Hardy, American; Lieutenant in the Seventh United States Cavalry, sent here by my government to act as military attaché to my legation. I warn you to let me go at once, or stand the consequences."

"Monsieur, it is impossible."

"Impossible? Very well. I've been robbed of my passport, threatened with a pistol, mauled by your imbecile police, and arrested. It may interest the United States to know this."

"Impossible, monsieur."

"Oh, is it?"

"Absolutely," he said, with a smirk; "but it will interest Germany."

"Do you actually take me for that thug Stanerl von Elbe?" I demanded.

"As monsieur wishes."

"And—if I were not this Stanerl von Elbe—if I were an American officer, or an ordinary American citizen, you would release me?"

"Doubtless, monsieur."

It was then I realized that I had been foolish. In denouncing my Prussian brigand by name I had brought a hornets' nest of police about my ears. He had warned me not to—he had warned me not to show the passport—he had warned me not to make a scene. I had certainly made a scene; that led to my denouncing him by name, and that led to my giving up his passport. What was the final result to be?

"You don't intend to imprison me, I suppose?" I said, incredulously.

"Temporarily, monsieur."

"How long?"

"Monsieur knows."

"No, I don't, or I wouldn't talk to you. How long?"

"Until *they* come."

"Until *they* come?"

"Exactly."

"Who are *they?*"

"Monsieur knows."

"Damnation!" I cried, looking helplessly about. The gendarmes smirked, to a man.

And they did as they threatened; they conducted me to a room, well furnished, but barred everywhere with iron. They were decent enough to secure my luggage for me and bring it to me. In vain I showed them letters directed to me under my proper name; in vain I produced my photograph taken in New York—in vain I exhibited underwear marked G. H. They turned modestly away and grinned behind their gloved fingers. I showed them guarantees of my profession—my uniforms, my helmet, my swords. I talked English to them; I dared them to believe me a German. They looked knowing, and saluted.

"Get me my dinner, then!" I said, calmly, and sat down on a sofa, utterly demoralized. As a diplomat, my future looked dubious.

Dinner was served by police-waiters—an elaborate dinner. This was grateful, and as they uncorked an excellent bottle of Burgundy, I reflected that things might have been worse, after all. They brought me cigarettes and cordials; they turned down the bedquilts, folded my wardrobe, brought hot water, set up my folding-tub, and finally handed me the evening paper—*L'Indépendance Luxembourgeoise*—a sheet chiefly remarkable for the quality of its ink, which came off the paper when handled.

When the police-valet had retired, on tiptoe backward, I lighted a cigarette, looked at my watch, and then started on a cautious tour of the room. On the north side were two windows ornamented with bars of steel painted red. I could not see through the windows, because it was too dark outside, but I had an intuition that the windows opened on a shaft.

The west end of the room was solid stone. My bed stood there. The east wall was solid and featureless, save for a wash-stand and bureau. At first, as I travelled the southern side of the room, I thought the wall was merely a blank waste of gray stone, but a moment later I noticed a shaft of brilliant light in the corridor outside, and I investigated the opening with alacrity. The orifice was not a window; it was a slit in the solid stone, about a foot long and eight inches high, like a port-hole one sees in ancient casemates. Into this narrow opening was fitted a wire screen, such as are used in kitchen windows to discourage the intrusion of flies.

I could look through the screen, which was somewhat lower than my chin, into a whitewashed hallway, where an electric light sputtered and glowed, now tinged with violet, now with the faintest rose.

There was not a soul in the corridor; one or two little gray moths darted about the electric globe, casting enormous shadows on wall and tiled floor.

I went back to the centre of the room and stood there, thinking, until my legs grew tired; so I sat down on the edge of the bed. There I unlaced both shoes and threw them at the wall.

When I had bathed and donned slippers and pajamas, I reached up and turned off the two incandescent lamps suspended from the ceiling. A moment later, wishing to look at my watch again, I turned the lamps up once more—or I tried to. The keys turned, but no light came. Somebody had shut off the current.

Now, as I stood there in the dark room, I could look quite plainly through the wire-gauze screen where the corridor gleamed white in the electric glare outside. And I saw, on the whitewashed wall, a man's shadow, motionless. I walked noiselessly to the screen and tried to distinguish who it might be. I could only see the shadow.

"It's somebody watching me through some crevice in the wall," I thought. Then I remembered that, although from my dark room I was perfectly able to see the lighted corridor, nobody in the corridor could see me through the screen or through any crack or peep-hole.

As I stood there, nose pressed to the wire screen, the shadow on the wall was joined by another shadow—a somewhat confused one, yet resembling the figure of a woman in a hood and long cloak. Then I heard voices—whispered voices—but every word was perfectly distinct.

"He is asleep; he has turned out the lights."

"Then you must wake him, Monsieur Giroux."

"I dare not."

"You dare not refuse."

Presently the girlish voice repeated: "You dare not refuse. Wake him, Captain Giroux."

Steps sounded near my door; I cleared the distance between me and my bed in a second and feigned sleep.

Somebody knocked.

I was silent.

The knocking came louder.

I bade my visitor enter, in a sleepy voice, and sat up in bed, striving to distinguish his features. His voice identified him as the official who had incarcerated me, and I asked him what the mischief he wanted.

"Monsieur," he whispered, "I am not, at present, the relentless, stony-hearted Captain Giroux of official life. Parbleu! I am human; I was young too—I, Giroux, if you please!"

"Well," I said, astonished, "what is that to me?"

"It is everything, monsieur. You shall see. Although as Préfet of Police in Luxembourg I am a man of iron—a man of stone, monsieur—in private life I am celebrated for my sensitive delicacy."

"It is very gratifying to know that," said I.

"Parbleu! And although I have arrested you, although I must hold you until *they* come, although *he* has ordered it, I am not inhuman. Therefore, being a man of iron, yet celebrated for my sense of delicacy, I have let pity's counsels prevail. *She* is here!"

"Is she indeed?" I replied.

He seemed a trifle nonplussed at my calmness. "She is outside," he said; "I'll give you ten minutes alone together."

"Not here!" I interposed, hastily.

"I should think not," he protested. "Hush! monsieur. If I'm caught at this it ends my official career. Don't move until I close the door; then go softly to the screen. She will be there."

I watched the door close out the faint ray of light, then I jumped up and went straight to the wire screen. A moment later the shadow on the wall stirred; I heard the rustle of a silken cloak, the echo of a light footfall, and then—and then!—close to the screen I saw a dark, lovely head, and a pair of eyes to witch the universe and make saints leave home and wife and progeny. Remember that I was very young.

With a half-fearful gesture she raised one small hand and laid it against the screen, palm towards me.

I touched it with my lips.

After all, I was in Luxembourg to learn what I could learn. And the Secretary of War had said, "Keep your ears and your eyes open and make yourself popular."

So I began to do so.

CHAPTER V.

A SCARLET HOOD.

Setting forth logically a most illogical situation, wherein insult is added to injury, and the result apparently satisfies a lady.

NOW, as the corridor was lighted and my room was dark, and, moreover, as the screen separated us, I was in a position to observe and not be observed.

Cloaked and hooded as she was, I could still see her face—dark, oval, exquisite, framed in the scarlet lining of her hood. She was not very tall; she raised her pretty figure on tiptoe, and tried vainly to distinguish my features through the screen.

As she still rested her hand against the wire-gauze frame, I improved the opportunity and chastely saluted the tip of the middle finger. The finger was loaded with jewels.

"Prison life in Luxembourg," thought I, "has its compensations. I certainly can stand this sort of incarceration." And I kissed her wrist through the screen.

She sighed. There was a rustle of silken stuffs, the click of a high-heeled shoe on the tiles.

"When are they coming?" she asked, in a hushed voice.

"I don't know," I whispered, truthfully, in reply.

She sighed again; her hood slipped back a little, showing a single curl of dark hair.

"How could you be so imprudent?" she said. "You might have known the Emperor was watching you. Could you doubt that our police were informed and on the lookout? I do not ask you if you thought of me—if you considered me in the matter. Men are selfish at best, and when passion urges them they are downright brutal."

I listened attentively, quiet as a mouse. After all, if the police insisted I was Stanerl von Elbe, the least I could do was to make the best of it and find out who he was. And I was doing it, not without satisfaction; for, in the account betwixt Monsieur Stanerl and myself, there was yet a long balance in his favor, and it would require more than a kiss through a screen to even it up.

"Why do you say I am brutal?" I whispered.

"Can you ask?" she replied, with spirit. "Has not our friendship given me some right to suffer if you are disgraced? Why did you come to Luxembourg? You need not answer—it would shame me to hear it. Yet I know why you came, and if an outcry is raised over this unfortunate affair all the world will know. You may not care, but think what it would be to me!"

"What would it be to you?" I asked, naïvely.

She drew back. For a moment I was afraid I had frightened her away. Presently, however, she leaned close to the screen again, and said:

"By coming here I have dared more for you than I ever have for any living soul. If it were known, the world would misunderstand it. But"—and here she clinched both little fists—"but I dare you to misunderstand my visit!"

As I did not understand her visit, naturally I had no chance to misunderstand it. I thought silence was the best policy for the moment.

"I only came," she continued, "because, perhaps, we may never meet again."

"Don't say that," I urged, with unaffected earnestness.

"It is your fault," she said; "it is the natural consequence of your rash attempt to enter Luxembourg. You must have known what you risked. You did not think it worth considering. And now all is ended."

"No, no," I protested.

"You can never again enter Luxembourg," she insisted. "Do you think the Emperor would permit it?"

"Hang the Emperor!" I said.

She seemed so horrified that I said I didn't mean it.

"You are so reckless," she sighed. "You have risked all for this caprice—all!—honor, position, the confidence of a nation—and, least of all, my poor little friendship." She clinched her hands again, and said, fiercely, "I am glad you can never come back—if it is the love of that woman that drags you back!"

I said nothing. What on earth was there to say?

"I defy you to misconstrue my friendship for you," she went on, rapidly. "You have not lost all sense of decency, and I know you dare not think that anything but the purest friendship has urged me to speak. Answer me."

"But," said I, grasping at what I thought must be my cue, "you know that I adore you."

The change that came over her deprived me of speech. She turned white as death, and raised one hand, as though to shield herself.

"Don't look like that, for Heaven's sake!" I whispered. "Is it strange that I should love you? Is it wonderful that any man should love you? Show me a human creature," I cried, excitedly, "who wouldn't fall down and worship you at first sight!"

It was here that I forgot I was a diplomat.

She seemed absolutely bereft of strength. She leaned on the wall, both hands covering her face; and I saw her bosom rise and fall under the silken cloak, and her red lips quivering pitifully. As her head rested on the screen, I kissed her hair. At last she raised her head, and I saw her eyes, bright with tears, fixed on the darkness where I stood.

"What you say is an insult," she said, "yet I thank God I have heard it before I died. Now, in truth, we can never meet again. As for me, I have lived the sweetest and bitterest second a woman may know. I go away humiliated by you, thanking God for the humiliation. For I love you; and this moment ends all."

She touched her eyes with her fingers, unconsciously, like a child. The jewelled rings glimmered.

"Don't go," I stammered, overcome by what I had done, and cursing myself for a meddling ass. My idle vindictiveness, my thoughtless desire to amuse myself at Stanerl von Elbe's expense, my inborn love for reckless diversion, had made an innocent girl miserable, perhaps for life. Nor had I the faintest idea why she should be unhappy, nor did I know how to repair the results of my imbecile thoughtlessness.

"Why should you go?" I said, determined to tell her who I really was. But she moved back from the screen with a gesture of horror, and I hesitated to announce my identity at the top of my voice.

"Come to the screen," I urged, "I beg of you. Listen—I implore you to grant me one moment more. It is your duty."

"Duty?" she said; "my duty is not to you, but to my husband."

"Oh Lord!" I thought, "there's a husband too!"

Suddenly she stepped to the window again; I caught the flash of a tiny dagger; there came a harsh sound of ripping; then, through the slash in the wire gauze, her hand appeared, holding out a ring.

"Take it," she whispered; "don't forget me."

I seized her hand; the ring fell into my palm.

"Don't forget me," she panted; "if I am selfish I cannot help it. I cannot bid you forget me. If you loved another and were happy it would kill me. I only know one kind of love—the love that desires possession; the love that is not ashamed; the love that is jealous! I can endure the years to come—if you love me; I cannot if you forget."

She drew her hand away. "I am a wife; you are free; you have the world to choose from. Yet, hopeless, separate from you forever, I bid you love me! It is not your happiness that I would die for; it is your happiness in me—in me—that I could give my life for. If that is a selfish love—at least it is love. And love is the rarest thing in the world!"

She bent her head closer to the screen: "And a rare thing in the world is a rebellious heart and a blameless life. That is what my love means also."

She was sobbing now.

"I am too weak to struggle against loving you; I am too selfish to wish you happiness in another's love; I am too pure to sin through my love for you. If then this love of mine is an unworthy thing, it is a woman's love—it is her soul, body, and hope of heaven; her waking

thought, her dream, her dying memory. I have never had it from my husband; I give it to you; I ask it from you!"

The next moment a heavy scraping sounded on the tiles close at hand; there came the shuffle of feet, a murmur, a voice:

"Where is the Préfet?"

"Here," quavered Giroux, from my doorway, hastening through the hall.

"Madame! madame!" he whispered, "they have come. This is madness!"

"I am going," she said, quietly. She turned and looked full at the screen behind which I stood. I shall never forget her face.

The next instant she had vanished, and a moment later a confused procession of shadows passed across the wall before me, and I heard the murmur of voices at my door.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PHILIPPINE REVOLT—*With the Flying Column*

By John F. Bass, Special Correspondent of "Harper's Weekly"

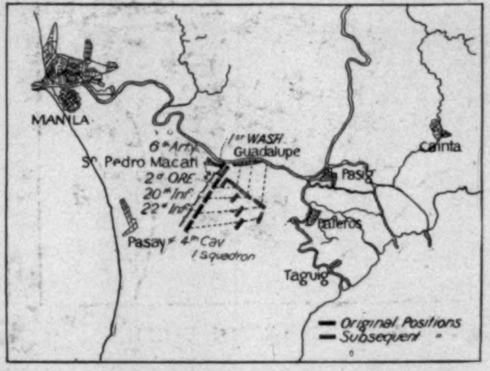
MANILA, *March 20.*

TO every one it was apparent that the more rapidly the blows were delivered, the more demoralizing would be their effect and the quicker the power of the insurgent chiefs would be broken; but after the first days of active fighting, General Otis was brought face to face with the fact that we did not have enough men to carry the war into the interior and still protect Manila and its suburbs.

In spite of boasts that a few days would settle the war, thoughtful people realized almost immediately that this rebellion would drag on for a long time, and that fifty thousand experienced troops were needed for an aggressive campaign. The longer the delay in our advance, the more confidence and experience would the insurgents get. It was, therefore, with impatience that every one awaited the arrival of the fresh troops, realizing at the same time that even these would not suffice to overwhelm the insurgent army. On the arrival of the Twentieth and Twenty-second United States Infantry a new brigade was formed, under Brigadier-General Wheaton. This brigade, which was really a flying column, was to advance along the river to take the towns of Guadalupe, Pasig, and Taguig, and establish a new line, holding the river up to the lake, while the tinclad *Laguna de Bay* and another launch, *Oeste*, fitted up with two Gatlings and a Hotchkiss, should patrol the lake. In this way the insurgent forces of the north and south would be cut off, except for the long journey around the lake.

On the 13th of March, at four o'clock in the morning, I started out in the dark to ride up to the lines. It was a five-mile ride to San Pedro Macati. Straggling squads of men who had become separated from their command moved slowly along under their heavy burden of blankets, ammunition, and rations, with that uncertain movement peculiar to tired troops. Captain Dyer, going to the front with two guns, hailed us. We stopped a moment to admire the big American army mules. They looked like elephants beside our diminutive ponies. Suddenly day came, with that abruptness common to Southern countries.

At San Pedro I found that General Anderson and General Wheaton were on "Hay-stack Knoll." The line of battle extended from San Pedro Macati for about two miles towards Pasay. The left wing rested on the Pasig

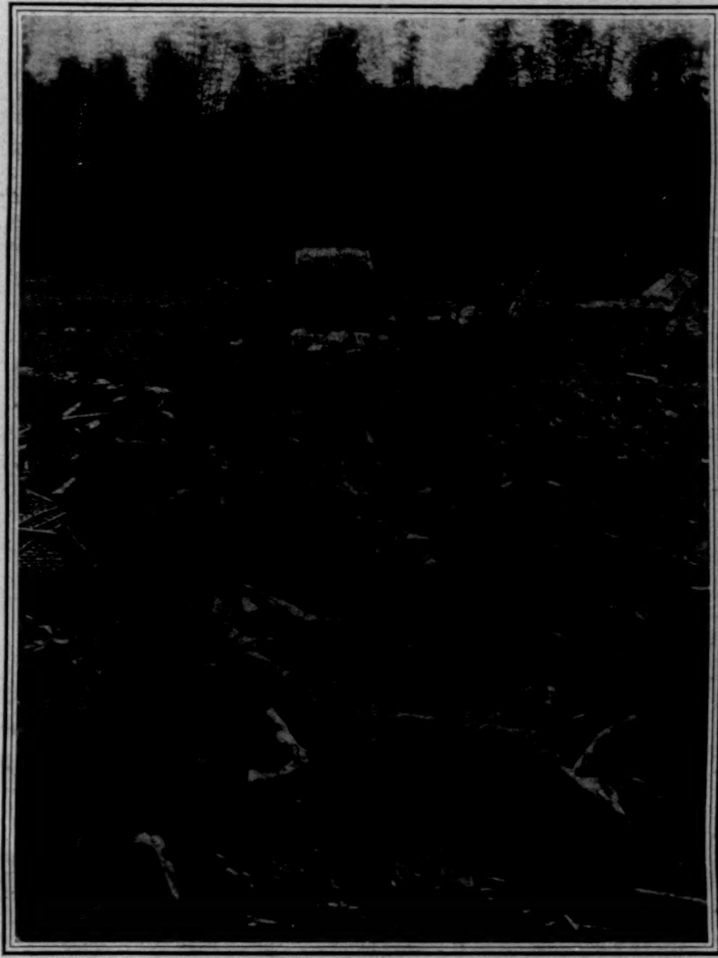


FIRST DAY'S OPERATIONS.

River, supported by the "tinclad." Next to the river were the First Washingtons; then came the Oregons, Twentieth Infantry, Twenty-second Infantry, and finally the Fourth Cavalry on the extreme right. Immediately in front of our lines in the centre was an open space, gradually ascending in two ridges to the heights on the right of Guadalupe. To the left, in front of San Pedro Macati, was a thick mass of jungle. The road along the river-bank, at every hundred yards or so, was blocked with barricades and trenches. At 5.55 A.M. Lieutenant Scott fired the signal for a general advance. Instantly the regiments moved forward in battle formation. First came the firing-line, next the support, and finally the reserve. In the clear morning air, to see these lines advance in perfect order was a sight long to be remembered. On our right, in the jungle towards Camp Dewey, was heard the distant crackle of musketry, where General Ovenshine was making an attack all along his front, as a feint to draw the enemy's attention from the more serious move on Guadalupe.

The purpose of the advance was to swing in a line from our right, shutting in the insurgents at Guadalupe church. Soon stray bullets began to whistle, and we knew that the insurgents had opened on our advance line. The country that the cavalry had to traverse was woody and swampy. Before General Wheaton left "Hay-stack Knoll" to join his line rifles cracked in the bush, and we saw the cavalry on the run, passing through an opening in the brush. Afterwards we learned that three troops of cavalry were obliged to dismount to repel the attack on our flank. This delayed their progress for some time.

In the mean while the Twentieth Infantry were on top of the first ridge, just disappearing out of sight, and General Wheaton rode forward so that he might be in a position to watch the entire line. Already in spots about the hill where Guadalupe church stood we could see the smoke of such Remingtons as the insurgents had. Except for these patches of smoke and the crack of rifles and the whistle of bullets, no one would have known that there was any enemy in our front. Lieutenant Scott was in particularly good form that day. He was already acquainted with the range, and from his position at the graveyard of San Pedro he could command Guadalupe church and almost all of the insurgent trenches. There were no trial shots to get the range. He dropped his shells with expert accuracy—first in the midst of a puff of smoke, then on a patch of freshly thrown-up earth—and as each shot whistled on its way we stopped to watch, and every one exclaimed, as the shells exploded in a round puff of smoke, "Good work!" It was like watching a good tennis-player, only it was more serious, for it meant death to the little brown people opposite us, and the truer Lieutenant Scott's aim, the fewer of our own men would strew the slopes before Guadalupe. The prize shot of the day was one taken at Guadalupe church. It seems that Lieutenant Scott was ordered to drop a shell into the church, three-quarters of a mile distant. The first shell went through the window of the church.



TROOPS WAITING TO BE CALLED TO THE FRONT.

Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.

On reaching the top of the second ridge we heard a new and welcome sound. We could not see the tinclad *Laguna de Bay*, but we knew she was going up river on the insurgent's right flank, and we heard for the first time the short staccato clappering of her Gatlings as she swept the woods about Guadalupe church with bullets.

The firing-line climbed the third ridge. Already we had flanked the insurgent position at Guadalupe, and the line wheeled to the left in order to catch as many insurgents as remained. They were too quick for us, however, and as the Twenty-second Infantry moved towards the town on our left the enemy left their trenches and ran back on the edge of the woods towards Pasig. Then, for the first time, the Twenty-second Infantry opened fire on them, and we found ten of the enemy stretched along the way, as they fell still fighting. Approaching the edge of the wood about Guadalupe, some sharpshooters in a gully still continued to peg at us, and it was some minutes before they could be dislodged. The Twenty-second came in with a shout, which suddenly stopped as they reached the spot where the Filipino dead were stretched. Nearly all of them had been killed instantly—a sudden and painless death. They had died, as they supposed, fighting for their country, and any man might envy them. There was one sight, however, which burned into my memory, and which I cannot forget if I would. A middle-aged grizzly-headed native sat bolt-upright. A bullet or a piece of shell had passed through his neck, and completely shattered his jaw. He was perfectly conscious, but he showed no evidence of suffering. He did not even moan, but sat upright, and looked at us with expressionless face and ghastly staring eyes. There is no time in battle, however, to philosophize or question the right and wrong of things, for in war the sooner it is over the sooner it is mended, and the truly humanitarian way of waging war is rapidly, relentlessly, irresistibly, that the resources of the enemy may be broken as quickly as possible. Indeed, the one danger in the situation here to-day is that public sentiment in the United States will interfere with the prompt and rapid progress of the war. Although I believe that this conflict might have been avoided had our government adopted a definite and firm policy from the beginning, at present the time for compromise has gone by.

PRIVATE ROBERT GRASON, 1ST NEB. VOLS.

The Soldier who from this Spot fired the first Shot in the Philippine Revolt.

Photograph by Lieutenant C. F. O'Keefe, Bureau of Military Information, Eighth Army Corps, Manila.

We can never take the present Filipino government into our confidence. A new set of natives must be put at the head of any native government established here, and in order to do this the force of Aguinaldo and his party must be broken. Nearly all the conservative Filipinos left him when a breach with the United States was imminent. At present he is surrounded by the very worst elements among the Filipinos. Any negotiations with the insurrectionists to-day, therefore, will encourage these men to make exorbitant demands, and ultimately may mean the death of thousands of misled Filipinos, as well as many of our own soldiers. Any compromise will mean the triumph of the lawless party, and in the end an infinity of trouble. We have drifted across the Rubicon. Let us show that firmness and energy which might have prevented this outbreak if used eight months ago. For if we vacillate now, I see nothing but dark days ahead for the Philippines.

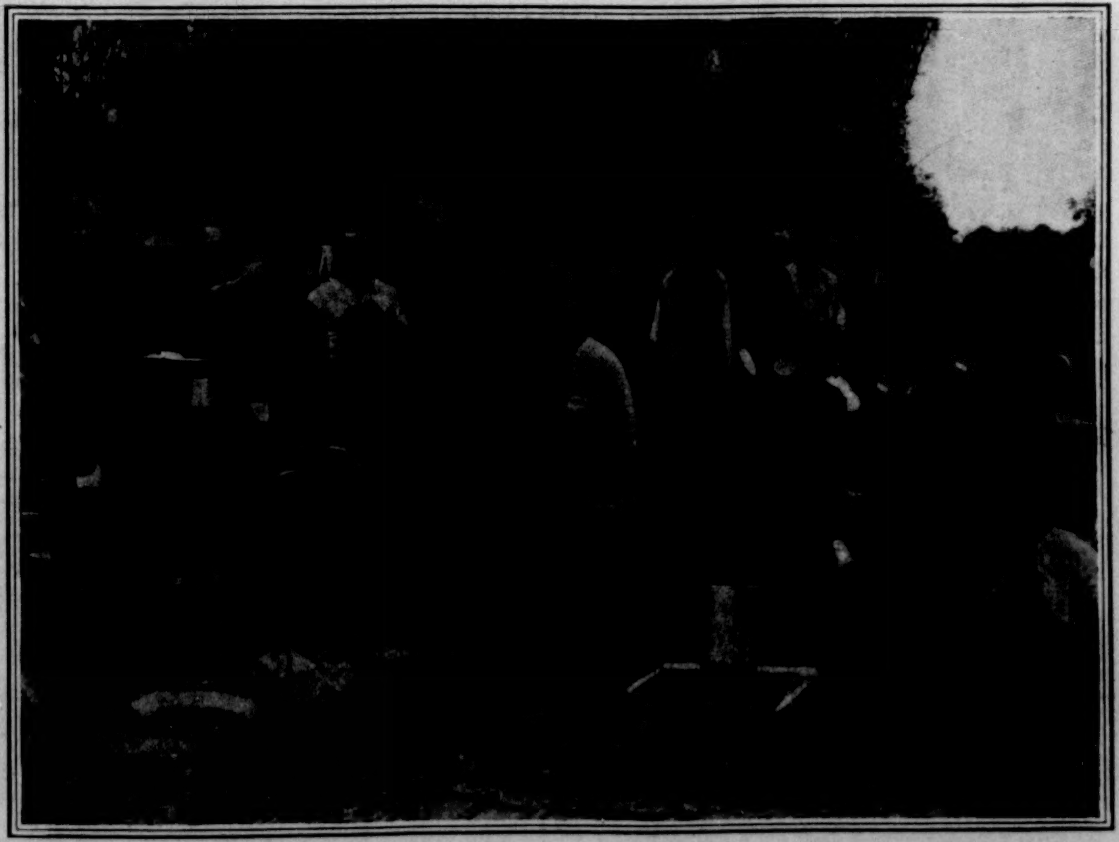
A shout came from the direction of Guadalupe church. Major Miller, with three companies of the Twentieth Infantry, had entered the church at about ten o'clock. The right of the line closed in, except the cavalry, which still kept on ahead to drive the enemy from our flank. At length the Twentieth Infantry reached the road along the river, just one mile beyond Guadalupe. At this point Captain Grant on the *Laguna de Bay* found the river blockaded with sunken cascos full of stones. Here the first part of the action ended. The enemy had not been cornered, as was intended, but Guadalupe church had been taken without much difficulty, a dozen prisoners captured, and about twenty insurgents lay dead where

DRIVING THE ENEMY THROUGH THE JUNGLE.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.

AFTER A VOLLEY—THE OLD SPRINGFIELD'S KICK.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.

THE RAINY SEASON IN THE PHILIPPINES—SOLDIERS MESSING.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.

INSURGENT PRISONERS AT TAGUIG.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.



TAKING TIFFIN IN THE FIELDS.—Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.

THE PHILIPPINES—CAMPAIGN LIFE OF OUR ARMY IN LUZON.—[See Page 501.]

we could count them. I returned to San Pedro Macati with despatches, and was astonished to find how thoroughly the insurgents had intrenched their position at Guadalupe. The hill in front of the church was covered with earth-works and stone barricades. It seems as if the enemy might have held the position against a whole army, had not the "tinclad" enfiladed them with her Gatlings.

When I returned to the front at about twelve o'clock General Wheaton had again moved forward, and had met the enemy about two miles beyond Guadalupe. I found the firing-line on a ridge overlooking a bend in the river, across which, eighteen hundred yards upstream, the insurgents held the town of Pasig. They also occupied the thickly wooded ravine immediately in our front. The road along the river bank, exposed to the enemy on the left front and right, was practically impassable to artillery or infantry. The country to the right was too rough to think of dragging field-guns over it. For the time being all advance was blocked, and we were held in a very uncomfortable position on this ridge for two hours. The bullets whistled incessantly through the bamboo. Gradually our men crept around to the right. The enemy were using smokeless powder, and it was next to impossible to tell from what spot they were firing. Our troops, however, covered the country about with a hail of bullets, while Lieutenant Scott managed to get one gun up on the ridge, and to throw shrapnel into Pasig and the woods ahead.

Unexpectedly the shrill whistle of the "tinclad" sounded. She had cleared the obstruction in the river, and came puffing up stream to the cheers of our men. On she went. Her Gatlings pecked away at the woods, and her 3-inch guns pounded Pasig. At the town she stopped. The insurgents were intrenched along the river bank of the town, evidently under the impression that they had effectively barred the river to the gunboat. Imagine, therefore, the Gatlings from the turret of the *Laguna de Bay* playing down into these trenches lined with men. The insurgent soldiers fled across the open plain towards the lake, and with them the inhabitants of Pasig. Captain Grant ordered his men to stop firing, for he would not shoot into the enemy's troops, mixed, as they were, with women, children, old men, horses, and caracoas. It was a thoroughly panic-stricken crowd. They ran until they could run no further, and then stood staring at the "tinclad," so exhausted that they were indifferent to death.

Upriver, a mile ahead of the *Laguna de Bay*, were three insurgent launches towing cascos. One of these launches was fitted up as a gunboat. Captain Grant gave chase. It was an uneven race. The old *Laguna*, staggering and pitching under her heavy load of armor, kept losing ground. To cap the climax, the Spanish pilot ran her aground at the entrance to the lake—not, however, before one of her shells had damaged the insurgent gunboat *Octalera*.

General Wheaton's brigade, in the mean time, advanced to the high table-land opposite Pasig. From that vantage-ground we saw the flight across the plain and the chase of the insurgent fleet. To our regret the latter escaped. Our loss that day was seventeen wounded and two killed. That of the enemy is unknown.

The remaining movements of the flying column under command of General Wheaton were directed against the insurgents who still held positions about the different channels coming out of the lake Laguna de Bay, and finally emptying at the town of Pasig into the Pasig River. The movements lasted from March 13 to 20. On March 14 Pasig, which is on an island, was not yet taken. Although the "tinclad" had riddled the place, the land forces had not followed up the advantage, so that on March 14 the insurgents had returned to Pasig. The cavalry on March 14 had a skirmish on our right front. They started on a reconnoissance and ran into a seemingly strong force of insurgents, who fired at them on three sides from the thicket. The cavalry dismounted and attacked the insurgent position on foot. After a rather heavy skirmish, in which they lost one man killed and five wounded, they succeeded in driving the enemy off. In this, as in nearly every other engagement of the week's campaign, the insurgents stood just long enough to inflict a slight loss on us, and then ran. The troops could not follow them up successfully, because they did not know the country, and the insurgents, small barefooted men, lightly loaded and dressed, can slip through the brush by by-paths before our men can think of catching them. Of course in every fight we get a few of them and a few rifles.

On March 15 the Twentieth Infantry were sent across river to take Pateros and Pasig. They closed in on these towns in a semicircle. In the streets of the town of Pasig the insurgents made a stand, and there was fighting from house to house. At the same time the Washington volunteers were sent to take Taguig, which is also situated on an island, a little above and to the south of Pasig. In this town there was little resistance, indeed three hundred and fifty natives surrendered as prisoners of war. On the whole, the day was most successful, our loss being only one killed and five wounded.

On the 16th a battalion of the Twentieth Infantry, not expecting any serious opposition, marched northeast of Pasig towards the town of Cainta, which lies in the open plain of the Mariquina River, free from the jungle that grows about the banks of the Pasig River. When, next day, I went on shore with a landing party from our little fresh-water fleet, consisting of two armed launches and a casco full of soldiers, I discovered a letter in the house of the insurgent governor which requested him to send troops to re-enforce those at Pasig. These troops, I believe, did not reach Pasig in time, but with those who escaped from Pasig met the one battalion of the Twentieth at Cainta. The story, as told me by one of the officers of the expedition, is as follows:

The battalion, without meeting any opposition, marched from Pasig to the edge of the woods which line the Mariquina Valley towards Pasig. Before them, in the open plain, was a church just on the outskirts of the village of Cainta. Without misgiving, they started across this open space. Suddenly, from a long trench in front of the church, a large body of insurgents arose and advanced towards them, firing as they came on. A few volleys of this battalion of the Twentieth drove the insurgents back into their trenches. The number of insurgents in and about the church was estimated by the United States forces at from five hundred to a thousand. There was no hesitation on the part of the battalion. They went forward over the open ground for the trenches under a heavy fire from the enemy. They carried the trenches and the town, driving the insurgents into the hills, but they left on that open field two dead and sixteen wounded. This is the largest loss, for the number of men engaged, that we have so far sustained in the war with the insurgents.

It was supposed that this engagement ended the campaign of the flying column; but on the 18th, just as we were adjusting our new lines and preparing to withdraw our forces, an incident occurred which shows what is most to be feared in the future of this campaign when we begin to advance into the wild country of the interior. A company of the Washingtonians while quietly encamped at Taguig, were surprised to see, at about one in the afternoon, a large force of the insurgents marching down the road towards them in column of fours. Apparently the surprise was mutual, for after our men had opened fire on the enemy, the latter withdrew. Three companies of the Twenty-second Infantry were sent out to follow up these new enemies and to locate their position. Between five and six o'clock these three companies ran into a hornets' nest. To right and left of them, and from an unseen earth-work in their front, insurgents rose up to fire as if out of the ground. For a time in this ambush these companies held their own, but soon Captain Jones, who was in command, found that his men were running out of ammunition. It was necessary to retreat, but to retreat with the enemy on three sides and at close quarters is no easy matter. The order to fix bayonets was given, and the three companies charged the enemy, dislodged them from their trenches, and in this way they were able to withdraw without enormous loss. Still, they lost five men killed and twenty wounded and three missing. There is no way of disguising it, our men ran into an ambush. The enemy knew the country better, and made it very uncomfortable for them. Captain Jones was lightly wounded in this fight. Such occurrences are likely to repeat themselves as soon as we get into the interior.

On the 19th General Wheaton made up his mind to send out another expedition, the idea being to teach the insurgents, and the people of the country generally, that whenever they attacked our lines or lured us into a trap we would hit back again very hard. Early in the morning the Twenty-second Infantry, the Washington and the Oregon regiments, started out, sweeping the country along the lake on the south and a short distance into the interior. At eight o'clock they met the enemy, but the latter offered such a slight resistance that our troops were able to follow the line of the lake for a distance of about eight miles, and return in the same way. We lost one man killed and eight wounded. In this region the road along the lake is lined continuously with houses, where stores of rice were found. For four or five miles along this road we burned the houses and stores of rice. It was a very desolate picture as I rode between the charred ruins of former homes. Nearly all the people had fled. Occasionally a woman with her children or an old man sat disconsolately near a heap of smouldering ashes; as I rode through mile after mile of this desolation the conclusion forced itself upon me that our government, with its weak, vacillatory policy and want of tact, and Aguinaldo and his followers, with their nagging trickiness and their misrepresentation of our every act, would be called to account for all this destruction when history, in cold blood, shall write the truth. There is, however, no remedy now. Either we must show that we are stronger than this people or we must get out of the islands; otherwise, how can we hope to establish any government here?

I believe that we have exaggerated the strength of the enemy opposed to us at any one point, and the number of insurgents killed. If left to my own judgment, I should estimate the number of the enemy killed by the flying column at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred, whereas the official estimate is between two thousand and three thousand. The week that we kill three thousand insurgents we will have the insurrection well in hand.

Since February 4 up to the present time the number of insurgents that we have buried is about nine hundred; whenever there has been a battle we have advanced, and considering the poor facilities the insurgents have for carrying off their dead and wounded, I believe that by adding twenty-five per cent. to that figure for the dead carried off by the natives, or not found by our own men, we will get a fair estimate of the number of insurgents killed since the beginning of the war—that is, 1100 killed. The reason I insist on this point is that I believe that, with the exaggerated accounts now being sent home, our people will think that it will be necessary to kill all the natives of the islands before subduing the insurrection.

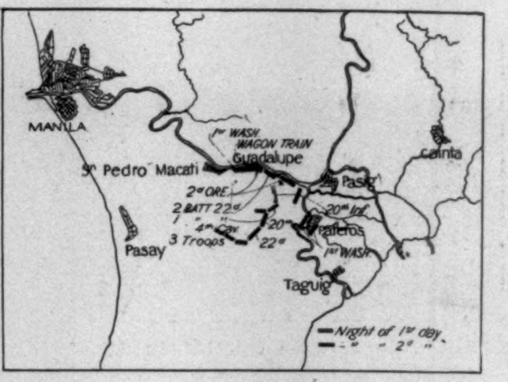
There still remains a month and a half before the rainy season begins. At present we hold only the province of Manila and the town of Cavite. If the insurrection is not quelled before the rainy season begins, military operations cannot be continued until next fall.

Every day I am reminded that the common people of the Philippines have never been reached by us. It would be impossible to conceive the number of outrageous stories that find credence among them. Before we entered Manila, a native woman of some position came to an Englishman, and said to him: "When the Americans come into the town I am going to be hitched up to a cart the way they do in Singapore, and I shall have to drag Americans about. I come to you to ask you to hitch me into your cart, and drive me humanely, because I am an old woman and could not go far."

In vain the Englishman argued. The native woman insisted that she was right. This is not a single case, but rather a general condition of ignorance among all the people of the islands. Our attitude here has not tended to restore confidence. The authorities have kept their own counsel, and have considered this phase of the question as unworthy of serious consideration. We have dealt with the people on broad principles, or, in other words, we have treated them like men instead of like children, as they should be treated.

Perhaps the chief difficulty is that of language. We have not had a sufficient number of men conversant with the Spanish language to put our side of the many questions which arise fairly before the native. Our ways are new to them, and they put wrong construction on any interference with their established customs here. Some weeks ago General MacArthur said to me:

"The general military situation is excellent. In the vicinity of Manila we have obtained decided strategical and tactical advantages, the remote consequences of which, however, depend quite as much upon statesmanship as



SECOND DAY'S OPERATIONS.

OREGON MEN IN A BAD CORNER ON A RIDGE BELOW PASIG.

Photograph by Captain J. F. Case, 1st Oregon Vols.

THIRD, FOURTH, AND FIFTH DAYS' OPERATIONS.

upon generalship. Misapprehension of terms, growing out of difference of language and previous political evolution of the islands, makes the diplomacy of the situation of the very first importance. Heretofore our policy has been considerably embarrassed by the long delay in reaching results under the treaty; now that we are approaching the conclusion of that business, the future conduct of affairs will be much easier, and, it is believed, the war concluded with great honor and credit to the United States and permanent benefit to the people of the islands."

This statement I believe to be the true statement of the present situation in the Philippines. I believe the first step of our government here should be to require every man who holds office to learn Spanish and Tagalog. If the office-holder at the end of a certain time cannot pass a satisfactory examination in these languages he should be dismissed from the service.

LONDON

April 29, 1899.

I HAVE reason to believe that immediately prior to the dissolution of Parliament ministers will bring in a measure for a reduction in the number of Irish representatives in Parliament. Members from Ireland are too numerous by twenty, if equal electoral justice were dealt out all round. The little Irish boroughs of Kerry, Kilkenny, and Galway return each a member of Parliament, while the total electors in the three constituencies only reach 5719, or 19,192 less than the county division of Romford, Essex, which numbers 24,911 electors, and only returns one member. The undue plurality of Irish members is of course a relic of the Union. Mr. Gladstone, in his last Home-rule bill, recognized the anomaly, and cut down the number of representatives from the sister island from 103 to 80. It is hoped that the government will content themselves with reducing Irish representation without giving the additional seats to England. The House of Commons is already the largest deliberative body in the world, and the increase of its members, on the occasion of the last Reform bill, from 658 to 670 was a step in the wrong direction. The measure referred to, when brought in, will be the portent of dissolution, and as a measure of such importance would be mentioned in the Queen's speech, it is evident that no dissolution is contemplated during the present year, notwithstanding persistent rumors to the contrary.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer has not strengthened his financial reputation by the devices to which he has had recourse in order to make good the deficit. An additional tax on wines hits the wine-growing colonies, South Australia and the Cape Colony. A strong colonial protest has been organized to remonstrate with the finance minister against the imposition of the new duties. There is unreason in this action of the colonial agents-general. The great self-governing colonies would vigorously resent any attempt on the part of the mother-country to influence them as to the manner in which their revenues should be raised, and it is difficult to understand why the daughter nations of English-speaking people should dictate to their mother as to the manner in which she provides money to pay for the naval defence of the empire; to which, by-the-way, Canada contributes nothing, Cape Colony only $150,000 a year, and the Australian colonies $630,000. There is, moreove a further curious point in connection with the colonial otest against the new wine duties. Lord Curzon of K ton, acting on behalf of British India, is excluding bou -fed imports of sugar. Australian governments sul ze the young wine industry by a gift of $100,000 ar. This subvention is a bounty on wine exports, as such is indistinguishable in kind from the bounty contributed by Continental governments to the beet-sugar interest. Free trade is intelligible, and protection easily understood, but when free-traders tamper with protection, or protectionists with free trade, the result is apt to combine the vices of both systems and the virtues of neither. At no time in our annals since the free-trade doctrine was accepted as an integral part of state policy, irrespective of political party, has the wisdom of its authors, notwithstanding mistaken prophecies and erroneous assumptions, been more triumphantly vindicated. The protectionist party in England make a great deal of noise, but the need of the great cities for cheap food governs the situation.

IN Bismarck's latter days Russia raised her money in Berlin. Later on, after the Cronstadt wine-cups stimulated Slav-Gallic friendship, Russia obtained funds from Paris. The silent working of free trade, which has made London the money centre of the world, is not unlikely to compel the Russian government to seek in England the facilities and accommodation no longer obtainable from either Germany or France. As finance is one of the greatest weapons of war, there is now some hope that Russia will be compelled by internal necessities to renounce aggression when she finds that hostility towards Anglo-Saxons and Anglo-Saxon institutions automatically cuts off the supplies absolutely necessary if her enormous possessions are to be developed. It is a sign of the times that M. Witte, the finance minister, has succeeded in persuading his colleagues to assent to the reformation of the calendar. By the Julian rule next year should be a leap-year, but under the bull of Pope Gregory in 1582 it will be an ordinary year, since 1900 is not divisible by 400. If Russia adheres to the Julian calendar, the discrepancy of another day will be added to her mediæval calendar. She will then be thirteen days behind the times. If the Russian year is brought into accordance with that of other countries, twelve days will have to be struck out of the calendar, and the year 1900 is the most fitting occasion for the change. It seems absurd that the calendar should now have to be altered in order to make the date of the equinox correspond with the date it occupied in the fourth century. The rest of Europe, however, has done this, and has adopted an arrangement which keeps it there. If Russia consents to bring her cumbrous calendar up to date and to fall into line with other nations, other changes will follow to dispel the clouds that hang over that unhappy country.

AN English deputation has waited on M. de Staël, the Russian ambassador in London, to present a memorial to the Tsar, signed by delegates to a recent conference held in support of his Majesty's rescript. The deputation consisted entirely of Radicals, and was absolutely without weight in the country. Any one at all behind the scenes in Anglo-Russian affairs will understand why M. de Staël met the deputation with his tongue in his cheek. He addressed these honest Radicals in French—he would have been equally intelligible to most of them in Chaldee. English feeling in favor of peace is deep and intense, and if the acts of Russia did not belie her language it would not have been left to men of the stamp of Mr. Stead, Mr. Philip Stanhope, or Mr. Samuel Smith to represent unofficial England. Mr. Stead is the earnest and unselfish champion of Russia, but the civilities shown him by astute officials seem to disable him from impartially estimating the acts and character of his own country. Mr. Philip Stanhope is married to a charming Russian lady, and is himself, although a political Radical, notoriously cosmopolitan and sybaritic. His name in Paris is chiefly associated with a special method of cooking fish, as Americans who have eaten filet de sole à la Stanhope at the Tour d'Argent on the Quai de la Tourelle may perhaps remember. On gastronomy Mr. Stanhope is an acknowledged authority. On peace—and especially the peace made according to the Russian receipt—Mr. Stanhope does not carry exceptional weight. Mr. Samuel Smith is a member of Parliament of the Puritan type. Generous, wealthy, unselfish, and devoted to good works, Mr. Smith supports with his voice and purse every cause likely to leave the world better than he found it. But he has no special knowledge of Russia, and is entangled in too many subjects to carry weight in any. The deputation to M. de Staël is mischievous, partly because it is not representative, and partly because it will be misrepresented.

THE Royal Academy this year does not show any English work of marked distinction, unless an exception is made in the case of Frederick Goodall's portrait of Mr. Gladstone as he was in 1894. The pent-up tragedy of conscious failure in the last work of his great life gleams from those onyx eyes. Mr. Gladstone is portrayed as he passed from his great place in Parliament silently, without a word of farewell, without a sign that betrayed his purpose to an anxious House. The story is told in the restrained passion and dignity of the marvellous face. Mr. Sargent is represented by four portraits and a design for part of a mural decoration. His portrait of Lady Faudel Phillips, once Lady Mayoress, recalls in its terrible frankness the pitiless sincerity and mastery of technique which distinguished his *tour de force* of last year, Mr. Wertheimer's portrait. For the rest, there are many sweet and many silly pictures. Splashes of crimson on the walls reveal the influence of the Jubilee day on art, though the calves of flunkies and the lawn sleeves of bishops do not blend, even when painted "by desire." Repeated visits to the Royal Academy in the quiet that prevails before the public are admitted only emphasize the conviction that an age of great comfort, little faith, and some superstition is not conducive to high art. Manual dexterity abounds, but the paintings with soul in them are few. Mr. Alma Tadema paints marble and the white feet of laughing girls with undiminished skill, but the girl and the marble of this year differ no whit from the marble and the girl of last year and the year before. Mr. John MacWhirter limns the lochs and scenery of Scotland as well as ever. But they too show no change. The general sense left upon the mind is that before art in England can rise we must suffer and feel as a nation. Smug prosperity, the dominion of the picture-dealer, and pure convention are the dominant notes in the Royal Academy of 1899.

ARNOLD WHITE.

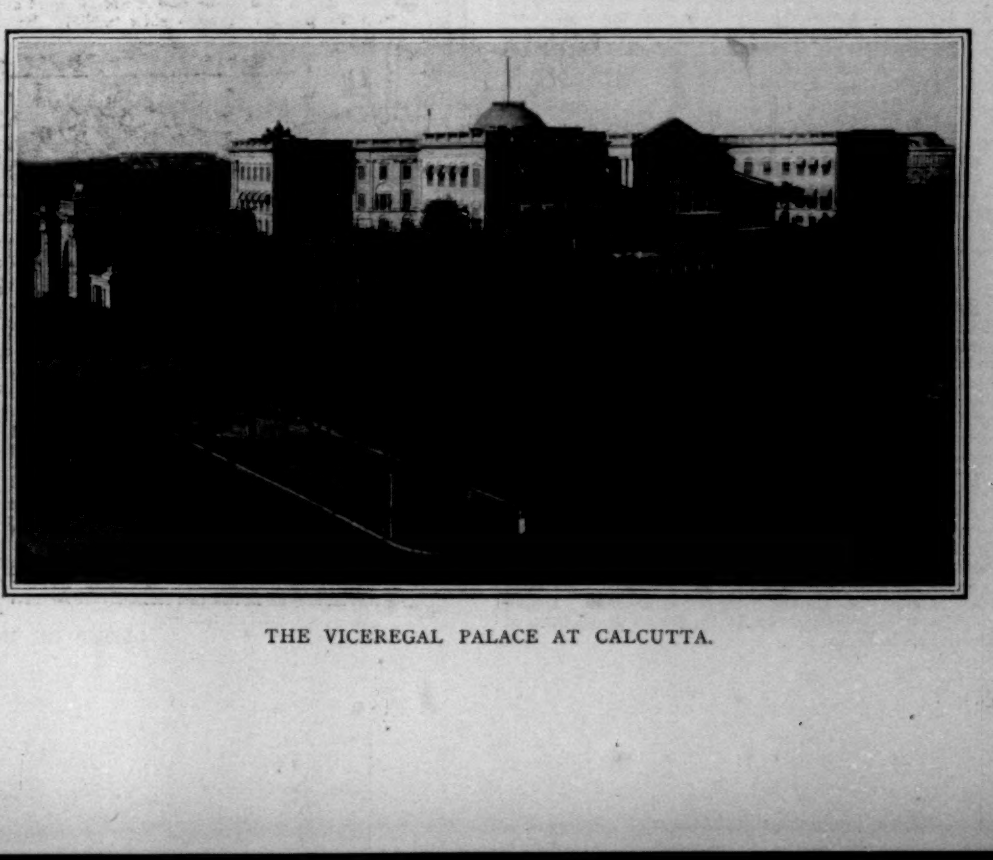
AN AMERICAN SOVEREIGN. *By Julian Ralph*

ONE OF THE VICEROY'S BODY-GUARD.

THE first view Lady Curzon had of the pomp of English official life in India was at the house of the Governor of Bombay. Unless some one assured her that her own state as Vicereine was to be far different and far greater, she must have been disappointed. There is more display and more genuine regalness about the smallest of the water-pavilions which the Prince of Mewar looks upon from the windows of his water-side palace at Oodeypore than in all the buildings which make up Government House at Bombay. The power is there, but the shell which holds it is thin and rough. Every Briton and every native knows that Lord Sandhurst is second in rank among the rulers of India. You can feel the throbbing of the pulse of a mighty government when you visit him. Even at a dance, when the diamond-crusted rajahs, the gold-plated generals, the judges and bishops, and all the haughty women in Parisian dress jostle one another to get early recognition from the tall thoughtful Englishman who wears the great Star of India on his breast—even then you know that the shadow of the Empress's might is over the scene. But the palace is a poor one, and the men who have inhabited it of late have surrendered all their energy to the fearful pressure of routine and desk-work. They have forgotten the old first principle of Oriental government, which holds that a gold carpet, a gilt throne, a few elephants, and a rich robe of state will secure better results in the East than the most intelligent and conscientious desk-work ever can.

Lord Sandhurst's house and his state pavilion are the finest bungalows I saw in India. The trouble is that they are bungalows. Let us meet Lady Curzon at the head of the main stairway as she takes the hand of her hostess, and follow her, and see what she did at the pavilion. It is a long building, one story high, very wide, and all of wood. It is as wide open as a band-stand, or as an extended umbrella with a floor under it. All around it runs a very spacious veranda, facing a luxurious park of palms and banyans and grass on two sides, and on a third side overlooking a bay like that of Naples, with Bombay rising yellow and green on the opposite shore. Some chairs and tables with albums and books de luxe, with here and there handsome tropic shrubs in large pots, break up and decorate the long reaches of this sheltered promenade. On the walls of the house are framed pictures, showing the uniforms of all the troops in India.

Turn in-doors from the veranda and you find yourself in a large and splendid drawing-room. Its walls are broken by so many tall, doorlike windows that the coolness and fresh green of the park seem part of the decora-



THE VICEREGAL PALACE AT CALCUTTA.

HIS EXCELLENCY THE RT. HON. THE LORD CURZON OF KEDLESTON,
Viceroy and Governor-General of India, in his Robes of State.

tion; the ceaseless dancing reflections of the sun upon the bay flash in the air and upon the ceiling. The ends of the room are set with the largest and finest carved wooden screens I have ever seen, except one—that marvellous one which Elizabeth gave to the benchers of the Middle Temple in London. These screens are made of Indian blackwood, and there are hardly more flowers and leaves in an ordinary small garden than are carved in these beautiful bits of wooden lace-work. There is little else of note in the room. It has a grand thick carpet, the usual chairs and tables, settees and chandeliers—and not much more.

One feature of the decoration of this state drawing-room is both splendid and peculiar. I refer to the costly and beautiful silver boxes in which public addresses are almost always enclosed in India. On the first table Lady Curzon saw four of these; on another, two; on a third, five or six; on a fourth, two or three. And as she came to each table, it seemed as though one at least of these princely envelopes of precious metal was more beautiful than any she had seen before. It is straining no license to speak of her delighted exclamations as she saw these trophies of official life in the Orient. Nor need I hesitate to speak of her gratification on learning that in all probability her husband, the Viceroy, would receive more and costlier caskets of the sort during his first few weeks in Calcutta than come to a Governor of Bombay during his entire term of five years.

So it really happened, as we shall see.

When there is a ball or a reception, such as was given to Lord and Lady Curzon at Government House, Bombay, this room which I have described is the ball-room in one case, the central place of rendezvous in the other. At the door of the first room stands the Governor and his lady, with the military aide-de-camp to announce each arriving guest.

So stood the Viceroy and Vicereine with their hosts on the night of her first public appearance in India, when our American sovereign took Bombay captive to her grace and tact and beauty, and when her Parisian gowns first became the talk of all India. The guests pass on, either through the first archway, from which one of the huge carved screens has been removed, or else by way of the veranda, to the second or main drawing-room. Beyond the further screen is the military band, which has been requisitioned for the occasion. Beyond that again is the refreshment-room, apportioned off the veranda. An evening reception or dance at Bombay Government House, when kindly night conceals the house, and false lights, sparkling jewels, silks, women's eyes, and the quaintly beautiful lanterns of India throw witchery over the scene, is one of the finest spectacles I have ever seen. Its brilliance is indeed the glow of the glory of England. I shall describe it in what I write, in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, of my travels in India.

The Governor lives, like a wealthy Anglo-Indian, in a smaller bungalow, thirty or forty yards away, beside the sea, where great disks of steel on his lawn hide the disappearing guns which wait impatiently for orders to belch their loads at Frenchman or Russian—either or both. In other very modest bungalows live his aides-de-camp, and in tents on the bay shore sleep the members of the band. It is a temporary-looking conglomeration, a shabby seat for a representative of the Empress. A quarter or a half a million dollars should be spent there at once upon a house eloquent of English dignity.

A very different house was that which Lady Curzon saw when she came to her own residence at Calcutta. The Viceroy's palace at the capital—there also called "Government House"—is, indeed, a dwelling for royalty. Of all the Queen's palaces in England none, except Windsor, is more imposing. It is of so conventional a form that it may be described to Americans as like the beautiful City Hall of New York, much more than doubled in size, and having four wings instead of two. It is like two larger City Halls put back to back, and with a low dome over the top of the central building. It stands in a beautifully maintained park or garden of six acres, which is extended by the large and attractive pleasure-ground and parade of the well-to-do Calcuttans, known as Eden Gardens. The noble proportions of the palace, the size of the grand entrance, the splendid dimensions of the ceremonial or state saloons—all these are very imposing. To this effect are added the proud and costly fittings of a royal palace. The outer gates or garden portals prepare the eye and mind for these suggestions of royalty, for they are enormous arches surmounted by mammoth figures of the British lion.

Lord Wellesley built this palace in 1799, copying it from the mansion which has descended to Lord Curzon from his ancestors, and in which he spent his boyhood. That house is Kedleston Hall, in Derbyshire, one of the noted mansions of Great Britain. Wellesley had visited its owner, and was so impressed by its stately grandeur that when the opportunity came for him to put up the first English governmental palace in India he could think of nothing better than to copy this noble pile. He improved upon the original. He made the four great wings each three stories high to match the central building. They are a story lower in the Curzon mansion in Derbyshire.

It is a strange trick of fortune which now brings Lord Curzon to rule India, Burmah, and the other allied dominions under his control from what seems the very hall in which he spent his boyhood in the mother-land. More curious yet is the tale now whispered by those who are near to him, to the effect that when he saw the palace on his first visit to India a strange but powerful superstition seized his mind, and he said to himself, "I shall one day be the master of that house also."

Another bit of viceregal gossip, a trifle more sentimental and moving, is that which couples Rudyard Kipling with this grand advance from the English country-seat to the Oriental palace. It runs thus—that when the gifted Englishman wrote his name in Lady Curzon's album, some years ago, he said to her, "The next time I write my name in your house it will be in Government House, Calcutta."

To stand in the semi-tropical gardens facing the palace is to look upon an enormous house of solid masonry painted a light yellowish-brown, and so well cared for that your eye will not tell you whether it is a century old or was but finished yesterday. The space between the majestic wings is almost entirely taken up by the grand staircase leading to the main entrance. These stairs are of stone, in two terraces, and a regiment in company front could march up them—perhaps two regiments could march up side by side.

The massive carved railings at the sides are all but hid beneath densely growing vines that have been trained to form two slanting walls of foliage there. Two towering palms, one on either side of the grand staircase, hold up their round cloudlike tops of feathery fronds as if they were a pair of huge brushes—the symbols of power among most Eastern peoples. A breadth of carpet, royal purple in hue, has been flung down the middle of the stairway, and on the top landing, before the splendid columns which support the Grecian front of the palace, stand men of the Viceroy's brilliant red body-guard, turbaned like the Grand Mogul of old, and carrying lances, each with a tiny flag at top.

This body-guard is composed of 120 men, picked for their size and bearing. They wear long red coats, which reach to their boot-tops above their knees. Their variegated turbans, mainly red, are of great size. Their many minor trappings aid in rendering them a notable feature of any scene in which they are placed.

Except upon occasions of state, the carriage entrance to the palace is under the grand staircase and on the ground-floor. As you step from your carriage you see other gorgeous men of the body-guard and knots of servants of the household lounging in the enormous hall. I wish I had inquired the number of servants in the Viceroy's employ, because they are so numerous that when one dines at the palace they seem to move in clouds around the table. I visited a native prince one day in the temporary quarters where he was halting, and he had sixty-five men to look after his comforts. Of the Viceroy's staff I can only say that when you visit him you do not need to take your valet with you to wait on you at table, as is the general rule in India.

His Excellency the Rt. Hon. Lord Sandhurst, Governor of Bombay. H. H. the Mir of Khairpur.

GROUP OF INDIAN OFFICIALS.

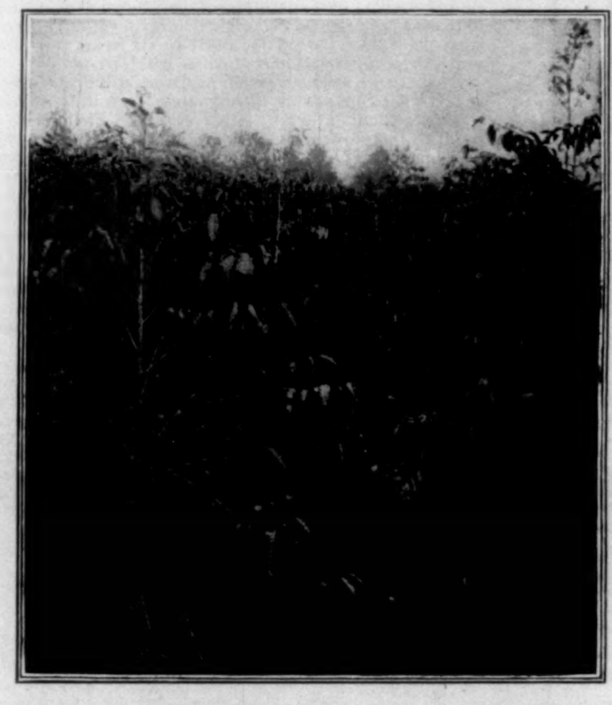
HAWAIIAN-AMERICA

BY *CASPAR WHITNEY*

VI.—COFFEE-PLANTING

EVERY other Hawaiian views the coffee industry as second in importance only to sugar, although in point of fact rice has held for years that place on the export list. Yet it is perfectly true that while rice-growing is standing still, if indeed not decreasing, the production of coffee is rapidly increasing. For example, in 1892 the exportation of rice amounted to eleven and one-half million pounds; in 1894 it had fallen to less than eight million pounds; in 1896, five million; and in 1897 it rose to five and one-half million, all of which was shipped to San Francisco. During that same time coffee, which was eighth on the list, with 13,568 pounds exported in 1892, was fourth in 1894, with 189,150 pounds; in 1896 the export amounted to 255,655 pounds, and in 1897 coffee stood third on the list, with 337,158 pounds—99.62 per cent. of which, by-the-way, came to America.

Coffee is the newest of Hawaiian industries, and has not yet outgrown the tentative period, with noisy enthusiasts busily expounding its surety of financial success. And really the industry needs no touting, for its cultivation affords one of the few business opportunities for the migrating settler of smaller means. More than that, it seems about the only field likely, for six months at least, to attract immigration, which will lead to the cutting up and settling of those great tracts of jungle on the island of Hawaii.



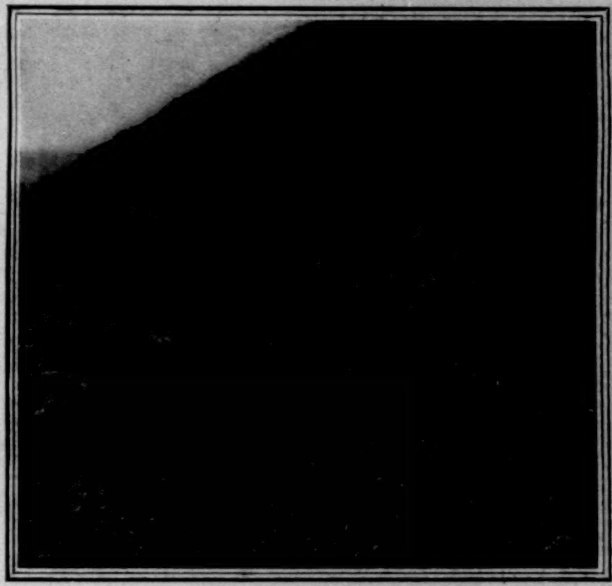
UNTRIMMED COFFEE-TREES, ABOUT THREE YEARS OLD.

Ten years, I believe, is about the present age of Hawaiian coffee-growing under systematic cultivation (though coffee was grown forty years ago casually by individuals, and in 1853 there was a total of 3000 acres under cultivation), and Kona district on the leeward side of Hawaii, and later Puna district on the same island, were the only ones until very recent years where the industry received intelligent attention. Indeed, until within five years, or thereabouts, Hawaii was the only island believed congenial to the plant; though that seems passing strange, considering it had never been tried on any of the other islands, and that trees were growing wild on Molokai. The conclusion, however, was characteristic of the native.

Because it came originally from that district, Hawaiian coffee was first known in the market as Kona coffee, and as such achieved an enviable reputation, and a price somewhat above that commanded by the best products of Central and South America. Indeed, up to this writing, no coffee has been yet produced in other districts of the Hawaiian Islands that experts consider equal in flavor to that coming from the earliest district. And undoubtedly Kona's location, peculiarly favoring coffee cultivation, has much to do with the flavor of its berry. Kona is on the leeward side of Hawaii, and therefore completely sheltered from the trade-winds—a most important matter, since wind is the blight of the coffee-shrub. The country is rough, the soil of volcanic origin—decomposed and very rich—and the climate, with its wet and dry seasons, more favoring, apparently, on this side of the island than on the other, or windward, where the separation of the seasons is not so distinct. Those learned in coffee-culture claim that a climate characterized by wet and dry seasons is quite essential to the very best results. But this is more or less speculation, so far as Hawaii is concerned, since the plantations on the windward side have not attained the age to make comparison with Kona, on the other side, fair; while, at their present stage of development, the greater abundance of rain appears to have had no appreciably harmful effect.

Speculation, in truth, rules in most of the discussions anent the coffee industry in these more or less experimental days; for, though the export has been increasing year by year, and the industry spreading largely, none the less there is no settled dictum, such as obtains in the sugar or the rice industries. For instance, there is division of opinion as to whether the coffee-trees should be kept cut down to a certain height, or permitted to grow rank; whether the plantation should be entirely cleared of its forest, or enough left to shade the coffee-bushes; whether the shrubs do better at a comparatively low elevation—twelve hundred feet or under—or whether they should range at elevations between twelve hundred and two thousand feet. And there are many other mooted questions the coffee-planters of Hawaii are worrying over, which only time will answer.

Elsewhere experience differs—in India some of the most successful plantations are at a comparatively high elevation, while in the Malay Peninsula the best-looking ones I saw were at a comparatively low elevation. In Kona itself are splendid-looking pieces of coffee between two thousand and twenty-five hundred feet above the sea, and a number of coffee clearings at that elevation were being made in the country through which I rode going from Hilo towards the Kilauea volcano. The bean of coffee grown at the higher elevation is usually larger, but, on the other hand, the crop of trees planted lower matures several months earlier.



A COFFEE NURSERY.

Yet another question on which there is much division of opinion is the proper distance at which the coffee-shrubs should be planted one from the other. In India the trees are topped at about four feet, and six feet allowed between every two; in Central America and on the majority of South-American plantations trees are set out nine feet apart and allowed to grow their natural height; on the Malay Peninsula the trees are topped, as a rule, and set out about six feet apart.

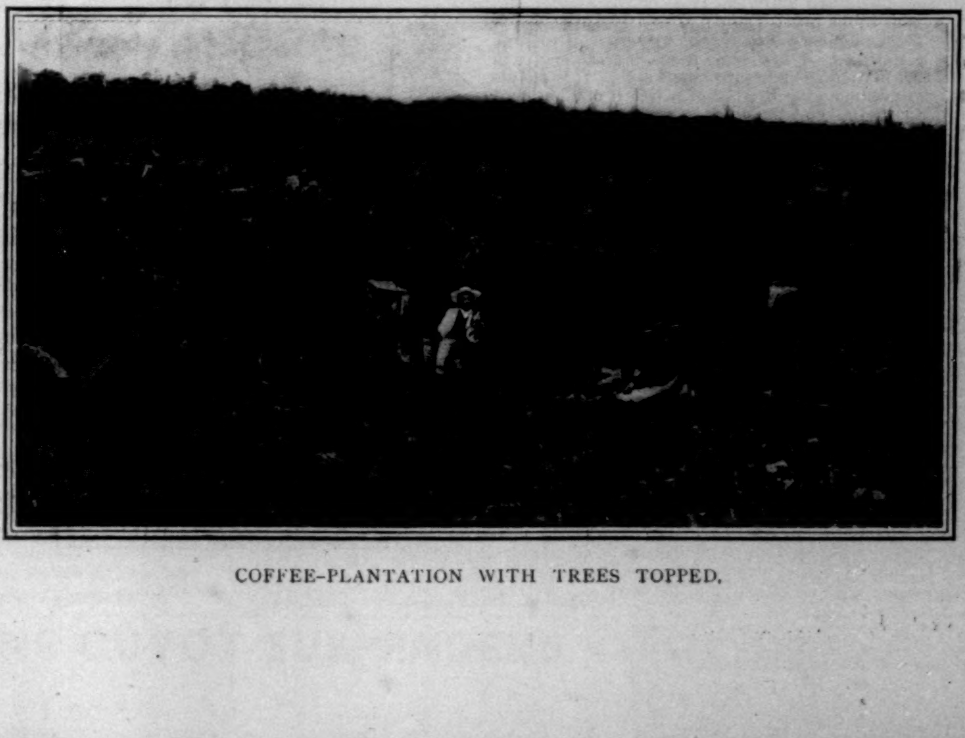
And so, until the Hawaiian planters have had at least another five years' experience, speculation will continue a local feature of the industry, and each planter must work out his own salvation by the light of his knowledge of the industry and his ability to modify conditions to meet the requirements of a new country. For coffee is a healthful though a fickle shrub, exceedingly susceptible to altering conditions, and requiring skilful, delicate handling. No other part of it so much as the topping and pruning of the young trees. Pruning coffee-trees, indeed, is an art, which obtains to increase the productiveness of the tree, and not for its ornamentation—as we trim hedges and mar fir-trees. With those who believe in topping, the proper age at which the tree should be cut down to the desired height (which may vary from three and a half to five feet) is from eighteen months to two years.

The idea ignorantly but frequently held regards this trimming as done so the crop may be the easier picked; but the real reason in topping and pruning is because it increases materially the bearing of the trees through the growing of additional primary and secondary branches. This operation, so important to the success of the plantation must be performed with great care and persistency, and the inability to secure skilled labor, and the difficulty of training the inexperienced, are just now among the severest trials of Hawaiian coffee-planters—themselves none too well versed in the scientific requirements of the industry.

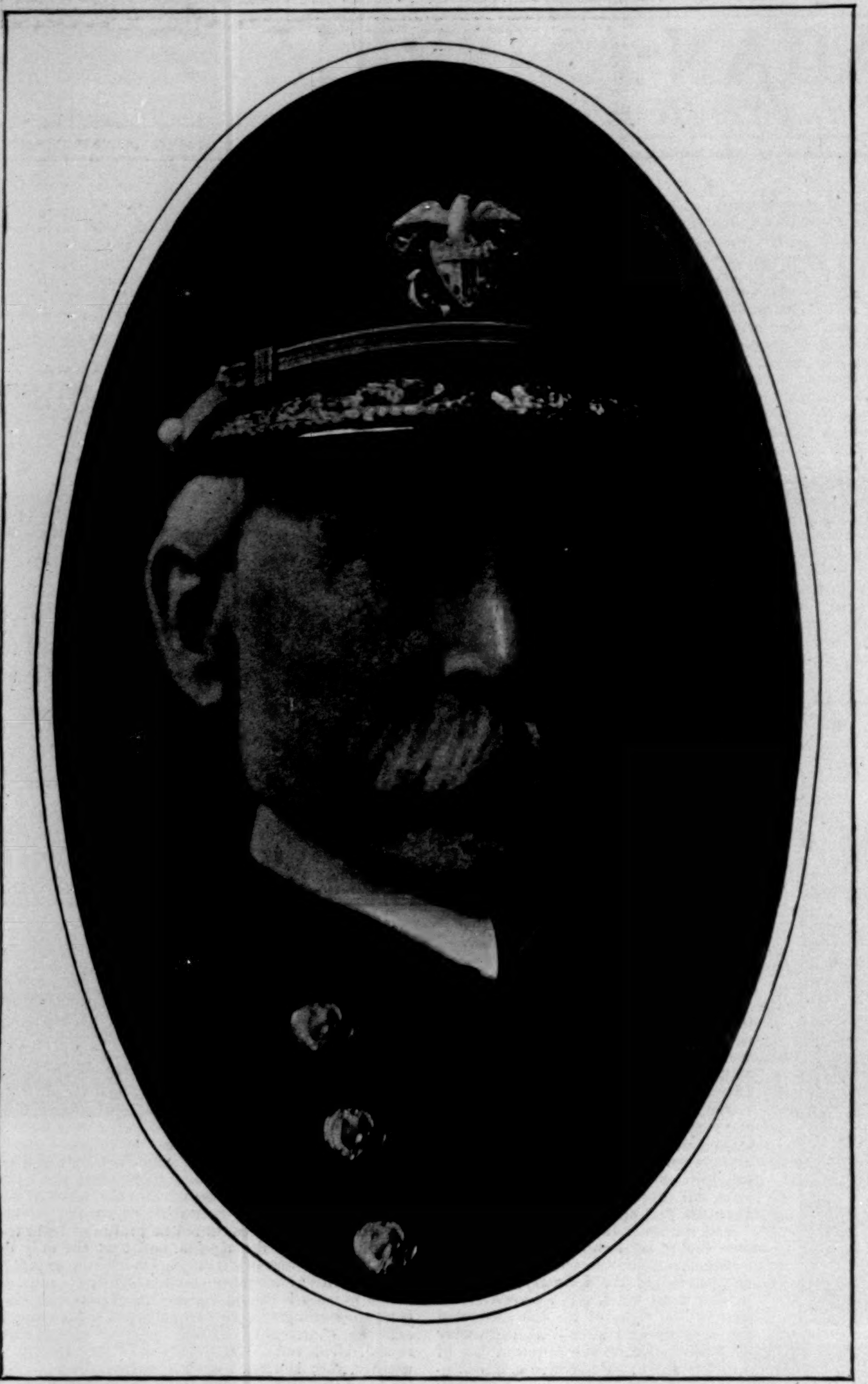
The nursery stage is even more exacting. And here also we find a division of opinion and varying methods in Hawaii. Formerly, in more amateurish days, the young plants which sprout up under old coffee-trees were used almost entirely for new plantings, and in many cases where the selection was careful and somewhat learned the results were excellent. But in many more cases not over sixty per cent., to make a generous estimate, resulted happily. Those who study coffee-culture deeply are agreed that long-lived or vigorous trees cannot be produced from the average plant of this description, and that the only dependable, practical way of procuring healthful plants is by raising them in a nursery from seed carefully chosen. But the coffee nursery is the most sensitive of nurseries, requiring constant intelligent care, and such patience as only a long-suffering character of biblical history is said to have possessed. The nursery may be costly, too, though not so usually, that being a matter regulated by conditions of land and environment; but the three essentials are: first—adequate water-supply; second—a soil at least eighteen inches deep and entirely free of roots, etc.; third—artificial shade for the seedlings, which must not interfere with the work of care-takers, and that may be removed altogether when the need of it has passed—for at a proper age the plants are gradually submitted to the sun, and for a few months before transplanting are quite unshaded.

It is a plant of many and various moods, and requires a lot of knowing in the cultivator.

The amount of coffee the first crop will yield is another



COFFEE-PLANTATION WITH TREES TOPPED.



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REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN CRITTENDEN WATSON, U. S. N.,
Who has been ordered to the Asiatic Station to succeed Admiral Dewey.

one of those questions too puzzling for uncertain Hawaiian experience. Mr. Charles D. Miller, who is preparing a work on coffee-culture, and to whom I am indebted for many figures given herewith, says that, judged by his experience, a return of one pound per tree may be looked for the third year. At maturity—*i.e.*, in the seventh year—the plantation will yield from one and one-half to two pounds to the tree. These figures are really approximate, for the industry is too young to permit of unquestionable statistics. I saw some trees—a great many, in fact—that bore three and four pounds each. It is simple enough to estimate the bearing of a tree if one has time and patience to count the clusters, and the berries in one cluster, and knows that, according to elevation, it takes from nine to twelve hundred berries to make one pound of clean coffee.

The very wisest thing the Hawaiian planters have done has been to secure the proper machinery for curing the crop and placing the coffee on the market at its best. Perhaps nothing is more essential to the success of coffee than proper curing and grading—by way of accentuating which a practical illustration may be given: A few years ago, before the Hawaiian planters had attained the wisdom born of experience, their coffee went on to the market badly mixed, and eighteen cents per pound was the highest price received for the very best; so soon as the proper machinery was put in and the coffee cleaned and graded, the very same that had fetched only eighteen cents commanded twenty-five. The coffee of the Malay Peninsula has suffered a great disadvantage in being put on the London market improperly graded, and the industry on the peninsula has languished because of it.

No coffee leaves the island of Hawaii without having undergone the proper and modern processes. The island planters had their lesson, and profited by it. The needed machinery is not very expensive, and consequently, besides quasi-public curing-plants, many planters have their own, and frequently several planters own one in partnership. The process consists of pulping the berry and washing and curing and grading the bean; dry hulling the bean is not so favorably regarded as the washing process.

There is no doubt that the Hawaiian Islands are destined in a very few years to export several hundred per cent. as much coffee as the returns of last year show; it is not impossible that in time coffee may become a good second to sugar in the annual exports. Certain it is that coffee is the industry which is going to settle up the islands, especially Hawaii, and be the means of securing more reasonable transportation rates than now obtain. Coffee will be the means, too, of attracting that desirable class of immigrant, the man of comparatively small means—seeking a home where he invests his money.

COFFEE-BRANCH.

There is some coffee-land on all the islands, but Hawaii is the only one of the group that has land for public settlement. This is true of other industries than coffee. The principal coffee districts in the island of Hawaii are—Kona, 48,000 acres; Puna, 67,000 acres; and Hilo, 195,000 acres; but a comparatively small percentage of this acreage is planted with coffee or suitable to its cultivation. In all three of these districts, and especially in Hilo, the government is surveying and opening land for settlement as rapidly as possible. And as fast as the land is put on the market it is being taken up; for the government sells it for from five to ten dollars per acre, while the boom at the town of Hilo—Hawaii—enables speculators to get fifty, sixty, and even one hundred dollars per acre for the same land, while about thirty to forty dollars per acre must be reckoned on additionally for clearing off the dense jungle and forest.

Careful figuring reckons the cost of caring for a coffee-plantation at from $150 to $200 per acre for five years. There is a comparatively small quantity of land for outright sale—nearly all the desirable land on all the islands is owned or held under long leases, some of them so long as thirty years, which is the limit of life of the coffee-tree under cultivation. On Maui, Kauai, and some little on Oahu, coffee has been planted, and prospects reported "flattering," but only on Hawaii have there as yet been results tangible enough for some estimate of profits. Fortunately, on none of the islands has any species of blight made its appearance. Taking a fair average of success at this stage of the industry, a conservative estimate on the commencement of the fifth year places the profit at fifteen to twenty per cent. on the original investment. The Waianai plant (Oahu) paid for itself in six years, and last year produced sixteen tons of coffee besides.

Furthermore, coffee-planters purpose setting out bananas on their coffee-fields, thus making the soil do double service without injury to either crop, and yield double profit to the grower: half a ton of coffee and three hundred branches of bananas per acre, as confidently expected from good average soil, are not a bad return by any means. The coffee boom is on in the island of Hawaii, and so fast as the government opens new roads into the coffee-belts, and plots public land for settlement, just so fast is it being taken up. I trust the Hawaiians will have sense enough not to dip too deeply into the boom business. Of course values have been greatly enhanced and prospects brightened through the assurance of stable government given by annexation, but undue inflation will do more harm than good to the country.

Investors will bear in mind that land devoid of tree growth should be viewed with suspicion; while where guavas or lantana or the tree-ferns are found it is pretty safe to judge the soil suitable to coffee. And if it lies in the zone of a wet and a dry season, so much the better, for so may the planter harvest his crop within a limited period, thus diminishing the cost of picking, and giving him the opportunity to cure his crop by sun, which is not so costly and does not demand the skill or machinery required by the artificial methods necessary to the very wet countries—like Hilo way.

Above all else, there must be shelter from wind.

Wireless Telegraphy

THE Signal Corps of the United States army has recently been conducting a series of experiments with the newly discovered method of sending telegraphic messages without the aid of wires, and has so far succeeded as to establish uninterrupted communication between the War Department at Washington and Fort Myer, Virginia, a distance of about seven miles.

The photographs given on page 494 are the only ones ever taken of the apparatus employed, and were made by special permission of General Greely for HARPER'S WEEKLY.

They illustrate very fully the apparatus and method of operation. The Washington station was on the roof of the War Department Building, and one of the pictures shows an operator sending a message from there.

The two wires running from the rods to the top of the picture connect the sending apparatus with the oscillator, which is fastened upon an upright post and turned in the direction the message is to be sent, as shown in the photograph immediately below the one last spoken of.

When the operator presses the key a spark is emitted from the oscillator, which causes an electric disturbance comparable with that caused upon the surface of a pool of water by casting a stone into it. These Hertzian waves, as they are called, come in contact with a wire at the receiving end, stretched from the ground to a height equal to that of the oscillator at the sending end, and the message is received through an instrument known as a coherer, and recorded upon a roll of paper tape affixed to the receiver in the manner that a stock-ticker is operated.

The speed that can be attained depends only upon the skill of the operator; the distance messages can be sent depends upon the height of the oscillator. With the oscillator a distance of twenty feet from the ground messages can be sent two miles; forty feet, eight miles; and so on in the same ratio.

As is shown in one of the illustrations, the operator regulates the current at the keyboard, and another shows him engaged in adjusting the oscillator preparatory to placing it in its position upon the post.

A photograph illustrating the facility of operation of the system is that showing Major Stevens and an assistant receiving a message from Washington at Fort Myer.

The success obtained in conducting these experiments reflects great credit upon the Signal Corps, and General Greely can congratulate himself upon the progressiveness of his department displayed in time of peace as well as in time of war.

Diary of the Revolt

Wednesday, May 3.—Important topics of this day were: 1. The action of the Postmaster-General at Washington, who had directed the postmaster at San Francisco to take out of the mails for Manila copies of three pamphlets issued by Edward Atkinson, of Boston, vice-president of the Anti-Imperialistic League. 2. The request of the Filipino envoys at Manila, who now proposed a *three months' armistice in the entire archipelago.* General Otis refused to grant an armistice, and the impression was strengthened that the envoys were merely playing for time while the Filipino forces were being reorganized.

Thursday, May 4.—The situation north of Manila was as follows: Lawton was holding Baliuag, which he had taken, as noted in last week's instalment of our Diary; he was supplied with a wagon-train, pack-animals, and rations, and had scattered the strongly intrenched enemy to the north and northwest. Large stores of food had fallen into his hands. The success of his movement, in view of the difficult character of the country, the rain, and the great heat, was especially commented upon by General Otis in a despatch of this date. General Otis added: "Lawton now covers our railway communication, and will be supplied from Malolos." The advance on San Fernando was continued by MacArthur's column, which set out from Apalit at half past six in the morning.

As for the situation to the south and east of Manila, the same despatch stated that the enemy, nine thousand strong, "was opposed by a sufficient force under Ovenshine and Hall; his demonstrations thus far have been properly met by these officers with slight losses."

At this time many requests for protection against marauding bands of Tagalogs were being received by General Otis from outlying cities.

The military operations on May 4 were described in a despatch sent by the commanding general later in the day. Colonel Summers, of Lawton's command, "with six battalions Oregon, Dakota, Third Infantry, and piece Utah Light Artillery, proceeded north this morning to Maasin, crossed river, and charged the enemy in strong intrenchments, driving him northward and inflicting considerable loss. Summers's casualties, two wounded." The opposition which MacArthur's division encountered proved to be unexpectedly vigorous; in fact, both Wheaton and Hale, of that command, "found the enemy in force, strongly intrenched, and under the leadership of Commander-in-Chief Luna, about four miles south of San Fernando [at Santo Tomás]. Hale, on the right, dislodged the enemy, and Wheaton, on the left, leading in person, made a brilliant charge, scattering the Filipino forces and inflicting great punishment." Before abandoning the position at Santo Tomás the enemy destroyed that town by fire, and in the evening they also attempted to burn San Fernando. Our casualties at Santo Tomás were as follows: Second-Lieutenant W. A. McTaggart, of Company G., Twentieth Kansas, and four enlisted men, killed; three officers and twenty-two enlisted men wounded. Brigadier-General Funston was wounded in the hand. Lieutenant McTaggart, prior to his enlistment a year ago, was the principal of a school in Kansas. He was about twenty-four years old. General Luna was wounded, and the Filipino losses were otherwise very severe.

This interesting message concludes: "MacArthur proceeds to San Fernando in the morning. Delayed by partial destruction of the bridge across the river. It is not believed that the enemy will make another determined stand until he effects retreat to Mount Arayat, a short distance from San Isidro."

MacArthur's troops spent the night at Santo Tomás, waiting for the arrival of a wagon-train which could not immediately cross the ruined bridge. The same night, at two points south and southeast of Manila, near Malate and San Pedro Macati, General Ovenshine's line was attacked. The demonstration at the latter place was apparently intended to divert attention from a serious attempt to rush through the line at Malate—possibly with the design of reaching the capital itself, now that MacArthur's and Lawton's commands had withdrawn so far to the north. The attempt failed, but for several hours a fusillade was directed against the Fourth Infantry.

Friday, May 5.—General Hale, with two battalions of the Fifty-first Iowa and a Hotchkiss gun, advanced on San Fernando, from which the main body of Luna's army had retreated. The garrison left behind to check the American advance opened fire as our troops were crossing a shallow stream, but this attack was, as usual, construed as the signal for a charge. The Iowans rushed a strong position, drove the Filipinos out, and chased them a mile beyond the town. Later in the day General MacArthur came up with the remainder of his division. A number of important public buildings had been burned; the residence portion of the town, however, was little injured. Defensive works of such strength were found that their abandonment could be ascribed only to the demoralizing effect of the defeat at Santo Tomás.

Saturday, May 6.—General Lawton sent back to Manila, *vià* Malolos, a score of sick and wounded. Then his column continued its forward movement beyond Baliuag. Outside of Maasin a force of two thousand natives was routed without difficulty.

The government of Spain requested the French government to arrange for fresh negotiations at Washington, through M. Cambon, the French ambassador, for the release of Spanish prisoners in the Philippines, according to the terms of the Paris treaty of peace. In Article VI. of that treaty it is stipulated that "the United States will undertake to obtain the release of all Spanish prisoners in the hands of the insurgents in Cuba and the Philippines," and will, at its own cost, return them to Spain. This action was taken by the government at Madrid after the receipt of a despatch from General Rios, who cabled from Manila that Aguinaldo declined to surrender Spanish captives, on the ground that he could treat only with the Americans, who had assumed Spain's rights and obligations.

Sunday, May 7.—The receipt of "highly satisfactory cablegrams" from the president of the Philippines Commission, together with the news of MacArthur's and Lawton's successes, again encouraged the administration at Washington to hope for a speedy release from its terrible duty. Newspapers gave prominence to the statement of "a high official of the administration" that "our information justifies the belief that there will be a cessation of hostilities *within forty-eight hours.*" But on closer scrutiny the facts appeared to be that President Schurman had asked for instructions as to the character of the government he should promise, and that the instructions sent to him were, in effect, "Promise liberally; promise autonomy—to follow unconditional surrender." It did not seem reasonable to expect immediate acceptance of such an equivocal offer, nor was it quite natural to assume that generals at the front would cease from carrying out their intensely interesting plans, except in obedience to a direct command.

In the neighborhood of San Fernando at

(*Continued on page 510.*)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

FOOD FOR BABIES

MUST be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.—[*Adv.*]

THE LAST ECHO FROM THE HORSE-SHOW.

THEY say that all the ribbon streamers which were offered to the winners were perfumed with the VIOLETTES DU CZAR of ORIZA-LEGRAND (sold by all perfumers and druggists), this delicate perfume with which Madison Square Garden, the rendezvous of all the pretty women, was completely impregnated.—[*Adv.*]

SUPERIOR to Vaseline and Cucumbers, *Crème Simon*, marvellous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections: it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. SIMON, 13 Rue Grange Batelière, Paris; Druggists, Perfumers, Fancy-goods stores.—[*Adv.*]

USED by everybody who ever tested it as a tonic and strength-renewer; sold by all druggists and grocers, ABBOTT'S, the ORIGINAL ANGOSTURA BITTERS, excels. —[*Adv.*]

No foreign substance enters into COOK'S IMPERIAL EXTRA DRY CHAMPAGNE. It's the pure juice of the grapes naturally fermented.—[*Adv.*]

FOR a tonic and regulator nothing equals DR. SIEGERT'S ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

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But the main difference goes unnoticed. Pure beer is good for you; bad beer is unhealthful. But both effects are so gradual that you may not know what has caused them.

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Second, Schlitz beer is pure beer. Its reputation for purity is of 50 years' standing, and it will be forever maintained.

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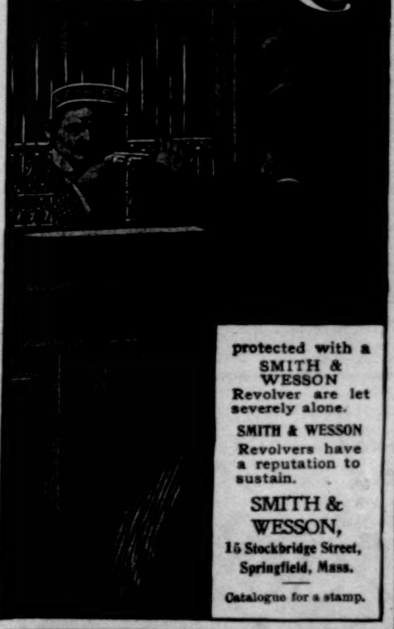

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(*Continued from page 509.*)

this time there was a good deal of activity. A railway train with an engine at each end was run almost to the American outposts, and in plain sight of the town. A gang of natives sprang off, tore up several lengths of track, boarded the train again, and started northward, all so quickly that there was no chance to capture them. At Gusgua and Sexmoan, respectively six and eight miles to the southwest, the army gunboats *Laguna de Bay* and *Cavadonga*, which had started up the San Fernando River to establish a base of supplies, were engaged in shelling Filipinos who, after placing obstructions in the stream, had intrenched themselves along the water-fronts of those towns.

Monday, May 8.—Rear-Admiral Watson was ordered to Manila as second in command of the Asiatic naval station.

A part of General Luna's army, under command of General Mascardo, moved towards Bacolor, an important town commanding the road from Guagua to San Fernando, while Luna himself, with the remainder of his force, retired towards Mount Arayat.

Twelve miles north of Baliuag a reconnoitring party from General Lawton's command was attacked by a body of Filipinos near San Miguel de Mayumo. The commander of the party and one private soldier were wounded.

Wednesday, May 10.—By direction of the President, the Secretary of State telegraphed instructions to the Philippines Commission in regard to the character of the government for the archipelago which the United States would agree to establish after the surrender of Aguinaldo's forces and the restoration of peace. Important features to notice at this time were those which related—1, to an advisory council, composed of natives of the Philippines, and privileged to confer with the governor on official matters; and 2, to the local governments, which, it was suggested, would be entirely in the hands of natives, subject to certain supervision by the American authorities.

MARRION WILCOX.

In Insurgent Hands

THE approach to Manila by water was a symphony in color. Behind us, on far-away Corregidor, the green hills shone dimly through the mists that the warm tropic sun was already drawing up from the wide expanse of the bay; in front, the low flat-roofed houses or thatched cottages of the Filipinos diversified the swampy lands to the north and the forests on the southeast, and as we drew nearer, the uniforms of our own boys mingled with the brown skins of the natives in a constantly changing kaleidoscope of color. Such was the scene that rested my eyes, dim with the blood and dust of the great conflict of February last. That struggle was still going on during that glorious Saturday; from afar the boom of the guns, and occasionally the distant yell of our own troops—weird and terrible as in the days when Jackson charged at Chancellorsville, deep and sonorous as when Anglo-Saxon throats uttered it at the "Crater"—told of steady, tireless advance against a hostile foe. The sound spurred me on. Was I indeed to behold with my own eyes one of those events in history that have "echoed through the corridors of time," from the days of far-off Troy to this nineteenth century? It was hard to realize; but, as a surgeon in the Eighth Army Corps, I knew that I was "in for it"; whether for good or bad only the God of Battles could say.

We landed, and, after reporting, I started inland—for what? Sunshine, blue skies flecked with dashes of cloud, and a warm westerly wind around and about; ahead, death and slaughter, red-handed and terrible. Manila seemed almost deserted; its streets, ankle-deep in mud and filth, seemed an ill setting to the natural beauties all around, and I pushed forward to the fighting-line, to aid the wounded, care for the dying, and advance, so far as I could, the humanity of the civilized against the murderous impulses of the uncivilized denizens of that glorious region. The underbrush was thick and heavy; at every step the foot caught in a tangle of creepers and vines; yet, stumbling, falling, recovering myself, only to fall again, I pushed swiftly onward. Then came my first great shock. Never again, I hope, shall I receive such a sensation as when I stumbled over my first dead Filipino. There he lay—the stiffened hand still grasping his loaded Remington, his face upturned to the glowing sun, with the white teeth grinning up to the unanswering whiteness of the clouds, and a gaping bullet-torn gash in the brown breast, clotted with blood, the ants, flies, and other vermin already assembling. Yet he had been—a man. I hastened on, guided, as well as I could judge, by the crack of musketry in front. I pushed my way through a tangle of bush in front of me—and then suddenly, as though one of the dragon's teeth sowed by Cadmus had borne its fruit of warriors, I found myself facing a dozen dark-skinned figures, each with his loaded rifle pointed at me; on either side they sprang up—before, behind—and I realized that I was a prisoner. Those who know not what it means to be a prisoner cannot realize my feelings; and when the captors are savages, the feeling of utter hopelessness becomes almost unbearable. Thank God! I kept cool. Had I run—had I even made a single movement that looked like flight—that instant a hundred leaden messengers of death would have overtaken me. I surrendered. I knew that for ten days past every captured American had been ruthlessly murdered; but young blood always hopes, and I felt that my hour was not yet. The officer in charge called the commanding general—for I had inadvertently run into a whole brigade—and a stalwart (for a Filipino) officer, covered with gold lace, approached. I bowed low, and, with as good Spanish as I could muster on such short notice, I congratulated him on the soldierly appearance of his troops, and my own belief in his worthiness to command such a noble body of men. Finally I remarked that *I had lost my way*. Would he kindly send a guard with me and show me the way back into our lines? and at the same time exhibited my pass as surgeon, signed by Aguinaldo himself. Had I been other than a surgeon, I doubt if I should ever again have seen the sun setting over the Corregidor hills. But so it was. Bullets he knew how to face, flattery he could not, and I had luckily touched on his weak point. Within ten minutes I had a guide, and was walking, or running—*going*, at any rate—towards our line, towards freedom and safety. To the right the battle was raging; within me was raging the battle of exultation, thankfulness, and peace. I was free. Not long after I found the mutilated body of my friend Dr. Young, and this and other as grewsome remains of our men brought to me clearer than anything else what a narrow escape I had. I reached our lines in safety, and commenced my duties at once, but I can never forget those awful moments spent in the hands of a foe to whom pity and mercy are unknown words. I have not seen "my general" since, nor do I want to meet him until the war is over. He was humane and courteous, though a savage, and his weakness is common to all, civilized or uncivilized. May he keep out of the way of American bullets, and prosper in the days of peace yet to come!

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AMATEUR SPORT

CHOICE of Onwentsia as the course, and the first week in July as the date, for the amateur golf championship has been made the occasion for considerable comment (largely newspaper), more or less uncomplimentary to the judgment of the National Association Executive Committee. Most of the comment discloses prejudice, and all of it shows no possession of the real facts that led to the choice.

There are no two opinions on the hapless selection of the week beginning July 3. It is much too early, and every one hopes that at the next annual meeting of the Association the general disapprobation of this year will be remembered. But the joke of the selection this year is on the Association delegates. The Executive Committee had no voice whatever in naming the date, other than to make the best of a bad bargain. A general feeling for a little more power in the disposition of Association affairs led to the delegates' voting unto themselves the privilege of naming the date limits for the championship. And the limit they placed was from the last two weeks in June to the first week in July. Obviously the Executive Committee's choice in this narrow range was a wise one.

For the selection of the course, however, the Executive Committee is alone responsible, and, in my judgment, its action was as wise in this instance as it was in settling upon the last of the three weeks submitted for choice by the delegates. Onwentsia was decided on for two exceedingly good reasons—first, because it seems to offer the best test of golf of any links in the country otherwise suited to a championship tournament; second, because it was practically the only desirable course available.

MOREOVER, there can be no doubt that if the Association is to retain its national character it must hold the amateur championship in the West either this year or next, and it could make little difference, one way or the other, whether the decision fell on 1899 or 1900. Really, if there is any difference, the choice comes better this year, because by next year some of the Eastern courses will have been greatly improved. Perhaps, too, Eastern clubs will hereafter exhibit more desire for the tournament when they realize that there are others fitted to do it justice. Chicago, of course, is the most central Western point at present for the game, and its prompt recognition will do much towards developing interest and form in the great West, as well as in nationalizing the Association. Besides having such a sporty links, Onwentsia is a beautiful place, and the club facilities the best.

THE FIFTH HOLE.

Barring a few disgruntled individuals, the selection, on the whole, is satisfactory.

RULE revision is making by the Executive Committee, which will simplify many of the involved sections at present in force, and add some others very much needed. The work is not yet completed, and therefore not ready for publication, but we shall undoubtedly see sections 9 and 10 shortened and more to the point. The committee will probably give us an unequivocal ruling on the status of players who happen to be employed in one or another of the departments of a firm dealing in sportsmen's goods. We need a fair ruling on this question — one that clears the man who plays the game for the game's sake, and disqualifies the man who plays the game or uses the scene of it to exploit his business. We also want the man disqualified who plays under an assumed name, or who plays for a money prize in match or tournament. I am confident the committee will give us the revision so long needed, and all sportsmen hope club committees will see that they are enforced. There is too much indifference in club committees. I hope to see an awakening to duty ere it becomes needful to make more particular comment.

FOUR times within a fortnight has Douglas, the amateur golf champion, been beaten at match play by an American-bred player. His most notable defeat was that administered by Dwight in the Crescent Club Tournament. And yet in the preliminary medal round Douglas gave an exhibition of skill that has rarely been equalled. He beat the Crescent bogey one stroke, and by a score of 74 he lowered the record of the links five strokes. Is it possible that Douglas is, after all, a stroke rather than a match player—a Hilton rather than a Tait? We recall his brilliant début at Chicago, where he led all the field in the contest for the Chicago Cup, and then lost to Whigham by six up and five to play. And at Morristown last year he compiled his great score of 76, not against the strongest, but against one of the weakest of his opponents.

THE victories of Brooks in the Metropolitan championship at Garden City, of Watson at Lakewood, and of Dwight at Bay Ridge, really seem to suggest that the native player is arriving at last. Glancing backwards—it was Bayard of Princeton who gave Whigham his closest match, at Shinnecock in 1896, and Betts of Yale who first squarely beat Macdonald, in the meeting at Chicago a year later. And now it is Brooks and Watson and Travis and Dwight who have fairly won honors from a champion who learned his game in the old country. While their victories over the Scottish crack are not to be estimated at above their true importance, they are still a sign of promise. Douglas, in the opinion of many good critics, is the best representative of Old World golf that we have with us, and the prestige of a St. Andrews reputation, to say nothing of amateur championship honors, means a disturbing lot to the man who is drawn against him. On the other hand, there are times in an amateur champion's career when the gold medal about his neck hangs a bit too heavy. Anybody could see, in the earlier rounds at Garden City, that Douglas was lamentably soft and behind his game. He has had little or no winter practice, while Brooks has been golfing pretty steadily on Southern courses, having won the Aiken championship only a few weeks back. But Douglas himself would be the last man to excuse his defeat. "Beaten by better golf" is his own verdict, and so indeed it was.

GENERAL VIEW OF GARDEN CITY GOLF COURSE.

BROOKS could putt and Douglas could not. Moreover, Brooks was lucky enough to capture two holes in two strokes each, which in itself was sufficient to turn the match. When Douglas is out of form it is particularly his short game that suffers, and for a really first-class man he will at times do work upon the greens that is positively atrocious. The history of the Watson-Douglas match at Lakewood makes very similar reading. Douglas was still out of form, although showing an improvement upon his Garden City game. But wild tee shots and weak putting cost him the match, just as they did the week before. Watson had a harder task of it than did Brooks, and showed up better in tight places. At one time in the Metropolitan, Brooks had Douglas fairly upon the run, the game standing dormie five in the former's favor. And then, needing only a half to win, Brooks began pressing, and lost three straight holes. Watson won only at the nineteenth hole, and he had to do that in a three to place it to his credit.

THE Metropolitan Association may be congratulated upon the success of its first open tournament. The course was in fine order, the weather good, the entry-list a representative one, and the play unusually close and exciting. In the qualifying round there was a triple tie for first honors between Harriman, Douglas, and Tyng, and there were three nineteen-hole matches in the early match rounds. Brooks won from Douglas by the narrow margin of two up and one to go, and Harriman was just that much better than Brooks in the final round. In the handicap the scratch men were set too much of a task, but the ratings brought the field well together at the finish, and the committee have now the data upon which to revise the list. Altogether a successful meeting; but I should like to ask why it was thought necessary to increase the caddie tariff to fifty cents a round—double the usual price. Golf costs the poor man quite enough as it is, and such a charge for unskilled labor is out of all proportion to the services rendered. The average American caddie does nothing more than to carry the clubs and keep his eye on the ball, and at twenty-five cents a round he is richly overpaid for his work. It would have been just as reasonable to double the tariff on "Scotch and soda," only the golfers would not have stood *that.*

SOME surprise was expressed that Harriman was placed at 2 on the handicap list, with Tyng at 3. True, Harriman defeated the Morris County man at Chicago in 1897; but that was one match only, and Tyng was thought by many to be the more consistent performer. And up to the beginning of this season this was probably true, for Harriman has hitherto relied chiefly upon dash and a good slice of luck to pull him through, while Tyng always plays the game from the bottom up. But this year Harriman has been working hard in practice, and it has told in his game. The committee probably took this into account, and their rating of the two men was amply justified by the outcome of the match between them. Tyng never played harder golf, but Harriman had the better of that all-important short game.

Tyng's game always commands admiration because it is so desperately in earnest, and this is a quality that counts. If Tyng has to take a back seat nowadays, he has the satisfaction of knowing that better golf is beating him, and not better men.

HARRIMAN was picked to beat Brooks out in the finals, and he managed to do so, although the result was in very considerable doubt up to the thirty-fourth hole. If Harriman's brilliant long game could be joined to Brooks's consistently good putting, then indeed we should have a home-bred golfer who might measure himself with credit against the wandering graduates of St. Andrews and Prestwick. It will be remembered that Mr. Whigham, in his *How to Play Golf,* selected Harriman as one of his examples of distinctively American form. He still uses the comparatively short swing, but there is muscle in that right forearm, and the ball, when fairly met, has to go. It was a good match, and the loser certainly put in a plucky bid for the honors.

THE Garden City course deserves a word of notice. Hitherto it has been a semi-public links, and as such could not hope for particular club prominence. It is now, however, to be reorganized into a regular club, and ought to be successful, being just an hour's ride from Thirty-fourth Street, and its eighteen holes as good a test of golf as can be found in the country. The Metropolitan Association chose it as the venue of the meeting on the simple ground of its affording the best golf, especially at this early season, and the general opinion of the players confirmed the wisdom of the decision.

The soil at Garden City is a black sandy loam overlying beds of yellow gravel, the characteristic formation of the great Hempstead Plains. In its unimproved state the gravel is covered with a coarse tussocky growth and with a crinkly sedgelike grass that corresponds closely to Scottish bent. Under cultivation, the fair green affords ideal lies for the play club, and the putting-greens (of the largest size) are beautifully smooth and undulating. Indeed, the latter were in surprisingly good condition for this season of the year—a trifle patchy, perhaps, but still reasonably smooth and true.

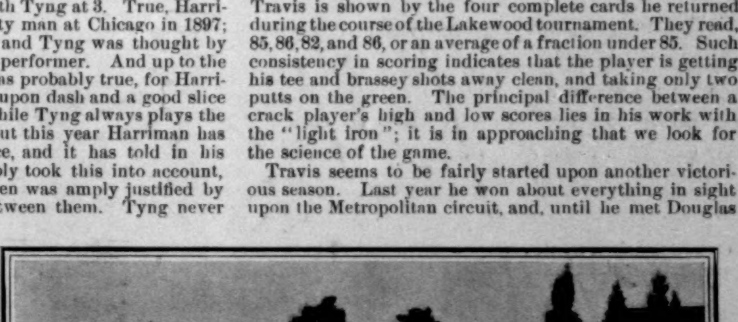
OTHER pleasing features of the Garden City course are the absence of cop bunkers, of fencing, and of trees. The bunkers are simply wide trenches from which the top soil has been removed, and the yellow sand left exposed, or else thrown up in a broad low bank on the far side. This sand never packs, and it is always possible to get out in one, an excellent test of merit for a bunker, and a complete antithesis to the ridiculous earth-works that disfigure more than one of our so-called first-class links. As the course is developed there should be more of these bunkers, particularly in the way of sunken traps. St. Andrews (in Scotland) is said to have one hundred and sixty-four bunkers all told, and Garden City could easily take on a couple of dozen more. As it is, there is not sufficient punishment for the crime of wild driving, and there is no such thing as getting out of bounds.

Perhaps the golfing may seem a trifle monotonous to players accustomed to the steeple-chasing of the ordinary inland course, and with the exception of the two holes across the "Bottomless Pit," it is true that one hole differs from another chiefly in the matter of length. But it is all good golf and a fine test of skill, as the scores go to prove. Although the playing distance is nearly three hundred yards shorter than the Morris County course, the best record made was Harriman's round in 83. Last year at Morristown, Douglas, in his match with Stillman, turned in a 76.

There are many greens committeemen who might spend a profitable day at Garden City.

TRAVIS, Harriman, and Douglas were three out of the four semi-finalists at Garden City, and their names appear again in the Lakewood quartet of honor. This certainly shows consistent form on the part of the two native-bred players, and it may be noted that the fourth man at Lakewood, R. C. Watson, Jr., was not entered at Garden City. The steadiness of the game put up by Travis is shown by the four complete cards he returned during the course of the Lakewood tournament. They read, 85, 86, 82, and 86, or an average of a fraction under 85. Such consistency in scoring indicates that the player is getting his tee and brassey shots away clean, and taking only two putts on the green. The principal difference between a crack player's high and low scores lies in his work with the "light iron"; it is in approaching that we look for the science of the game.

Travis seems to be fairly started upon another victorious season. Last year he won about everything in sight upon the Metropolitan circuit, and, until he met Douglas



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

in the semi-final round of the Amateur Championship, he more than held his own against all comers. There is not much that is showy about Travis's game, but it is a sound one, and he is invariably a sportsmanly adversary.

Watson, who had the honor of defeating the amateur champion, is credited with a number of prizes won on Southern courses during the winter, but he did not do anything in particular last season in the Metropolitan Association tournaments. He succeeded in qualifying at St. Andrews and at Westbrook (his home club), but was put out in the early match rounds. His victory over Douglas and his good match with Travis now give him an assured standing among the "first-raters." His match with Douglas showed him at his best; in the finals with Travis he evidently felt the effects of his hard work, for the edge was off his game.

WHAT dual track games have done for Yale they are doing also in a smaller way for Columbia. Some of us remember, long ago in the halcyon days of the Mott Haven games, when Columbia's track team was an important factor in the decision of the annual Inter-collegiate championships. Gradually the rare old stock disappeared, and none of a similarly spiritous vintage came to replace it; by-and-by others came—another class it seemed, with a new and unfamiliar spirit. And so track athletics at Columbia languished. Within the last two or three years, yet another and more admirable change has come over Columbia athletics. A return of the old splendid spirit seems pending. Seems pending, I say, but will never eventuate unless Columbia undergraduates and *alumni* give their athletics more support than was granted the recent spring track games, or than the baseball nine receives. The average present-day Columbia undergraduate seems made of different stuff from those of ten years ago; whether it is lack of sympathy with athletics, or lack of *esprit de corps*, the impression of indifference given is the same.

Faithful work by the members of the track team has within three years greatly bettered the showing in this branch, and aroused some interest in the undergraduate body. But the support has been, and is, entirely inadequate. It must be greatly increased, else Columbia will occupy the unique and unenviable position among American universities of having the only undergraduate body showing no fitting appreciation of the efforts of its athletic representatives.

DUAL meetings have done much for Princeton too. Not that spirit was ever lacking, but athletic tendency showed chiefly in football and baseball, and track athletics were left to shift for themselves. They thrived during the undergraduate life of a few exceptional athletes, and when the stars had gone out the general average sunk to mediocrity. But engagement of a competent trainer and dual games have put Princeton's track athletics beyond any point of general attainment hitherto reached. This year the team is one of all-round development, not only formidable in all the runs, but of fair average strength in the field.

If Columbia has good luck on Saturday (20th) at Princeton, she will keep Princeton from winning by more than about 25 points, but, judged by the season's work, it looks as though there should be at least that difference in Princeton's favor at the close of the day.

There will be some exciting racing in the two sprints and the quarter-mile, for Jarvis (Princeton) and Long (Columbia) are entered in all three, and carry the hopes of their respective universities. Jarvis is not entirely physically sound. He has a leg, hurt during his prep.-school days, that is not invariably to be depended on, and yet, truth to tell, I recall no races it has lost him. Long and Jarvis have met before, and the latter has proved the faster man. This year, however, Long appears to be showing better form than at any previous time in his career. He did a quarter against the wind in time returned as $49\frac{4}{5}$ sec., besides winning the 100 easily in $10\frac{1}{5}$ sec. Columbia expects him to do $48\frac{4}{5}$ sec. before the season ends, and I confess to a feeling that he will make a new record for himself. Jarvis certainly seems entitled to the 100 yards. He has shown ability to equal even time, and is a consistent repeater. If Long really reveals the speed suggested by the timing at the Columbia spring games, he should win the quarter and have a shade the better of it in the 220. But he will have to run up to the best promised to beat Jarvis this year.

COLUMBIA has a good second-string man for these events in F. R. Stevens, who has records of $10\frac{2}{5}$ sec., $22\frac{2}{5}$ sec., and $50\frac{3}{5}$ sec.; while Princeton has Woolridge, a shade better in the shorter sprint, and Willis, not quite so good in the 440 yards. There will be abundant racing in all three.

The half and the mile will be very easily Princeton's, with Captain Cregan taking first in each; but there will be good racing for second place in the half among Palmer and Gaskill (Princeton) and Mosenthal and Clark (Columbia). All have done about 2 min. 1 sec., and Palmer can perhaps do better. In the mile Palmer and Mosenthal will have another struggle for second honors, and the chances seem again to favor Princeton.

Honors in the hurdles appear to be evenly divided—Princeton securing first and second in the 120, with Wheeler (16 sec.) and Hutchinson ($16\frac{1}{5}$ sec.); Columbia a third, with Barker ($16\frac{3}{5}$ sec.) or Vom Baur ($16\frac{3}{5}$ sec.); and Columbia taking the 220 hurdles, with Reynolds ($25\frac{3}{5}$ sec.) and Barker ($26\frac{1}{5}$ sec.), none of Princeton's string having beaten $26\frac{2}{5}$ sec.

In the jumps Princeton has both firsts safe, with Carroll in the high (6 ft. 1 in.) and Boettger in the broad (22 ft.). Columbia seems entitled to sure second in the broad, with Grace (21 ft. 3 in.), and a good chance for second in the high, with the same man, whose present best (5 ft. 9 in.) is the same as that of Princeton's second string (Curtis, 5 ft. 9 in.).

Unless Riley equals undergraduate expectations and very materially betters his record, Columbia will take first and second in the hammer, with Welles (123 ft. $7\frac{3}{4}$ in.) and Bruce (114 ft. 11 in.); and while Boettger (40 ft. $6\frac{3}{4}$ in.) appears to make a sure thing of the shot for Princeton, Columbia will be close up with Nash (39 ft. $4\frac{1}{2}$ in.). Pole-vaulters are so uncertain in performance, it is difficult to count on them; their work varies with weather and disposition perhaps more than that of any other class of specialists. However, the majority of points in this event seem likely to go to Princeton, with Moore doing 10 ft. 6 in. and Coleman 10 ft. 3 in.; while Eastmond, Columbia's first, has thus far shown 10 ft. 3 in., and the second man, Smith, 10 ft.

Though the points are overwhelmingly in Princeton's favor, yet the meeting will be entertaining, and the events, with but few exceptions, interestingly contested.

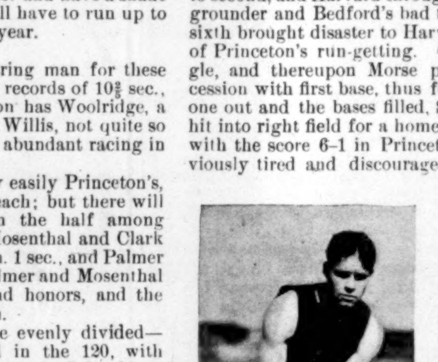
EVIDENTLY it has come to pass in Harvard and Princeton baseball that "muckerish" spirit is considered a legitimate feature of the game. Apparently we may no longer rely with confidence upon the sportsmanship of the players, or upon the assurances of those faculty members and *alumni* advisers immediately concerned in the athletic management. How else may we account for the exhibition at Princeton last Saturday (13th) in the first game of the Harvard-Princeton series? Throughout eight innings Princeton, while in the field, kept up a cross-fire of critical comment on the opposing batter's chances of hitting the ball, of their pitcher's ability to fool him, etc., etc. It was an incessant yap from the time they left the players' bench until they returned to it—a new hoodlums' trick and a most offensive one. Twice Hutchings, whose yapping was perhaps more blatant than that of his fellows, while at bat interfered with Reid's throw to second.

Harvard's unsportsmanly conduct was confined to a single member of her nine—Reid—but his act of deliberately running into Kafer, when the latter was a yard to the right of the home-plate and the ball not near him, must be characterized, in the game's vernacular, as one of the "dirtiest" pieces of ball-playing I have seen on a college diamond. I cannot believe that a man who has played such sportsmanly football as Reid would be guilty, without instruction, of such contemptible baseball. I do not consider that even instruction would exonerate him before sportsmen from personally being held guilty of disgracefully foul play; but the hitherto excellent record of Reid suggests that Harvard's Faculty Athletic Committee would better look into the character of coaching their nine is receiving.

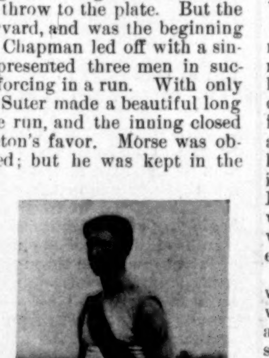
What is the matter with college baseball? 'Tis not, I am sure, that more than football it attracts men of coarser fibre, men of less sympathy with the ideals of sport; it is that the men are taught their hoodlum tricks and told they are "good ball." Some weeks ago the faculty athletic committees of Harvard and Pennsylvania forbade their respective nines playing with professional teams—it would be much more to the point if they forbade the employment of professional coaches. Something must be done to break this mucker spirit, and something can be done if faculty and *alumni* athletic committees will keep faith with the sportsmen who are depending on them for the correction of just such abuses. If Messrs. Reid and Hutchings were put on the bench for a couple of weeks, does any one think their offence of Saturday would be repeated? Though such punishment would not be so entirely a satisfactory method of uprooting the mucker tendency as one at once visiting penalty on the team while yet it was in the game. My suggestion is a second umpire, non-professional, whose duties will be those of the umpire in football, and who will, without waiting for appeal, penalize the nine whose member has fouled an opponent or interfered with his throw, or yapped while on the field. For each offence the opponent to receive one base.

It is deplorable better sportsmanship does not prevail to make such suggestion unnecessary; but as it does not, something must be done by the athletic sponsors of the several universities to save college baseball from disgrace. Nor is this the first year of offence. This muckerism has been noticeable for several years, and it is about time it was throttled.

FOR five innings the Harvard-Princeton game (won by the latter, 10–2) was fairly cleanly played and evenly contested, so much so as to lend unusual interest to a game thus early in the season. Neither side scored until the fourth inning, when each made a single run—Princeton through Hillebrand's three-bagger and Reid's wild throw to second, and Harvard through Hutchings's miss of Reid's grounder and Bedford's bad throw to the plate. But the sixth brought disaster to Harvard, and was the beginning of Princeton's run-getting. Chapman led off with a single, and thereupon Morse presented three men in succession with first base, thus forcing in a run. With only one out and the bases filled, Suter made a beautiful long hit into right field for a home run, and the inning closed with the score 6–1 in Princeton's favor. Morse was obviously tired and discouraged; but he was kept in the box, and in the eighth inning Princeton bunched her hits for four more runs.



TRUXTON HARE (PENNSYLVANIA).
16-lb. Hammer, 129 ft.



W. C. CARROLL (PRINCETON).
High Jump, 6 ft. 1 in.

WHY Morse was not replaced by Fitz after the sixth inning is more than one outside of the Harvard management may venture even a guess. Certainly there was no doubt of his weakening. Harvard had evidently reckoned too confidently on her showing against Amherst, and went to Princeton in more or less congratulatory humor; so that when misfortune came it found her in no mood for determined up-hill fighting. She did play good ball for the first four innings, and Morse kept the Princeton batters guessing; but when Morse lost his control and his courage, it seemed to take the very heart out of the whole nine. Except behind the bat, where Reid worked hard and well, a letting up in the team's play was distinctly perceptible. Morse deserves credit for his work, despite the disastrous last three innings, which gave Princeton nine of her runs. Until he tired out his control was excellent, as he showed in the fourth inning by holding Hillebrand on third base while he struck out three men in succession; but whether he needs more fitting or is erratic by nature, his work is quite uneven, and must be steadied to make him a dependable factor in Harvard's baseball success. Behind the bat Reid is a tireless, watchful catcher, excellent in every respect save his tendency to wild throwing, which is costly. The general work of the Harvard team, in fact, up to the sixth inning, was even and good. It needs more steam, perhaps more evidence of sustained interest in the game up to the very last.

PRINCETON'S battery is fairly strong—a steady, hard-working combination that will prove valuable before the season ends. There will be few catchers better than Kafer when the final games are over. Hillebrand is a steady though not particularly brilliant pitcher. He is lucky in having a good out-field. He did not strike out a man Saturday, made four men a present of first base, and allowed five hits; Morse struck out five men, gave nine first bases, and allowed seven hits. These records just about show the difference in the two men. Morse has really more occasional brilliancy than Hillebrand, but he lacks the steadiness and control.

On the whole, the Princeton in-field is good—a bit slovenly in its work on occasion—but, with first-class possibilities, Chapman will do better on first when he attains a proper estimate of his present work; Hutchings is quick, very clever on grounders, a bit too eager, but throws beautifully to first. Bedford seems to have great possibilities at second; he plays with his head. Most chances came to Suter, in left field, on Saturday, and he accepted them with unvariable certainty. One catch of a long low fly, which he took at full speed, was a very brilliant play. Adding the two singles, a three-bagger, and a home run he made, and we find the young man's day pretty full. Of errors Harvard made six and Princeton four, a couple of the latter being quite excusable, considering the steady drizzle of rain and the slippery field.

Princeton, in fact, has good reason to feel satisfied with the showing of her team at this season. Harvard's pitcher needs gruelling work, and the entire team determination and steam, else Princeton will repeat her victory when they meet on the 27th at Cambridge.

HARVARD–YALE DUAL TRACK–ATHLETIC MEET,
MAY 13, 1899, AT NEW HAVEN.

Event. 1st place, 5 points; 2d place, 2 points; 3d place, 1 point.	Harvard.	Yale.	Winner.	Performance.
100-yard dash	3	5	F. A. Blount, '00	10 1-5 s.
220-yard dash	2	6	Dixon Boardman, '02	22 4-5 s.
440-yard run	5	3	T. E. Burke, '01	49 4-5 s.
880-yard run	1	7	C. P. Adams, '00	1 m. 57 4-5 s.
1-mile run	1	7	C. B. Spitzer, '99	4 m. 33 1-5 s.
120-yard hurdles	6	2	F. B. Fox, L. S., '02	16 s.
220-yard hurdles	8	0	J. H. Converse, Jr., '02	25 3-5 s.
Running high jump	7¼	¾	C. M. Rotch, '01	5 ft. 11 in.
Running broad jump	8	0	C. D. Daly, '01	22 ft. 3 in.
Pole vault	*0	8		
16-lb.-hammer throw	8	0	W. A. Boal, '00	130 ft. 7 in.
16-lb.-shot put	5	3	H. J. Brown, '02	39 ft. 9 1-2 in.
Total	54¼	41¾	* Defaulted.	

YALE made a gallant fight for the University Track Athletic Cup, but Harvard showed a stronger all-round team, and secured final possession of it in a contest much closer than the scores suggest. It was from first to last a notable meeting; the day a bit chilly, and a cold drizzle that frequently developed into a genuine rain falling all the afternoon, yet the performances were all good, and several of them exceptional. More exciting finishes have rarely been seen, the men being very evenly matched in the majority of events. No surprise was furnished by Blount winning the 100 yards, for he, Quinlan, and Roche were so close as to leave little choice, nor was Boardman's win of the 220, with Quinlan and Gleason following, unexpected; but both events provided magnificent racing.

Burke, however, sprang a real surprise in the quarter, when he beat Boardman in time which on another day would have been .49; not that any one doubted Burke's ability to make such time when in condition, but he has shown no form this spring. He made a grand race for it, and ran Boardman to a standstill, Luce third. Another performance of merit was Adams's win of the half-mile in $1.57\frac{4}{5}$, with Brennan only three-fifths behind, and Bush third. Burke did not compete in the half-mile, having made his great effort in the quarter. Clerk did not make the expected race with Spitzer in the mile, who did great work, considering the conditions, and was well seconded by Clyde, with White third. The hurdles went to Harvard, as expected, with the single exception of Fincke's great improvement, giving him a second in the high, instead of third. So too the jumps resulted according to previous work of the performers, and that Waller, half-sick, should tie three opponents all well and with records better than Saturday's work, is somewhat suggestive of the spirit that prevails at New Haven. Yale made no showing at all in the hammer, but Francis got a second in the shot, though none equalled their best. The scores of meetings are—1891, Harvard 85, Yale 27; 1892, Harvard 61, Yale 51; 1893, Harvard 67, Yale 45; 1894, Yale 59, Harvard 53; 1895, Yale 65, Harvard 47; 1897, Yale 80, Harvard 24; 1898, Harvard 56, Yale 48; 1899, Harvard $54\frac{1}{4}$, Yale $41\frac{3}{4}$.

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